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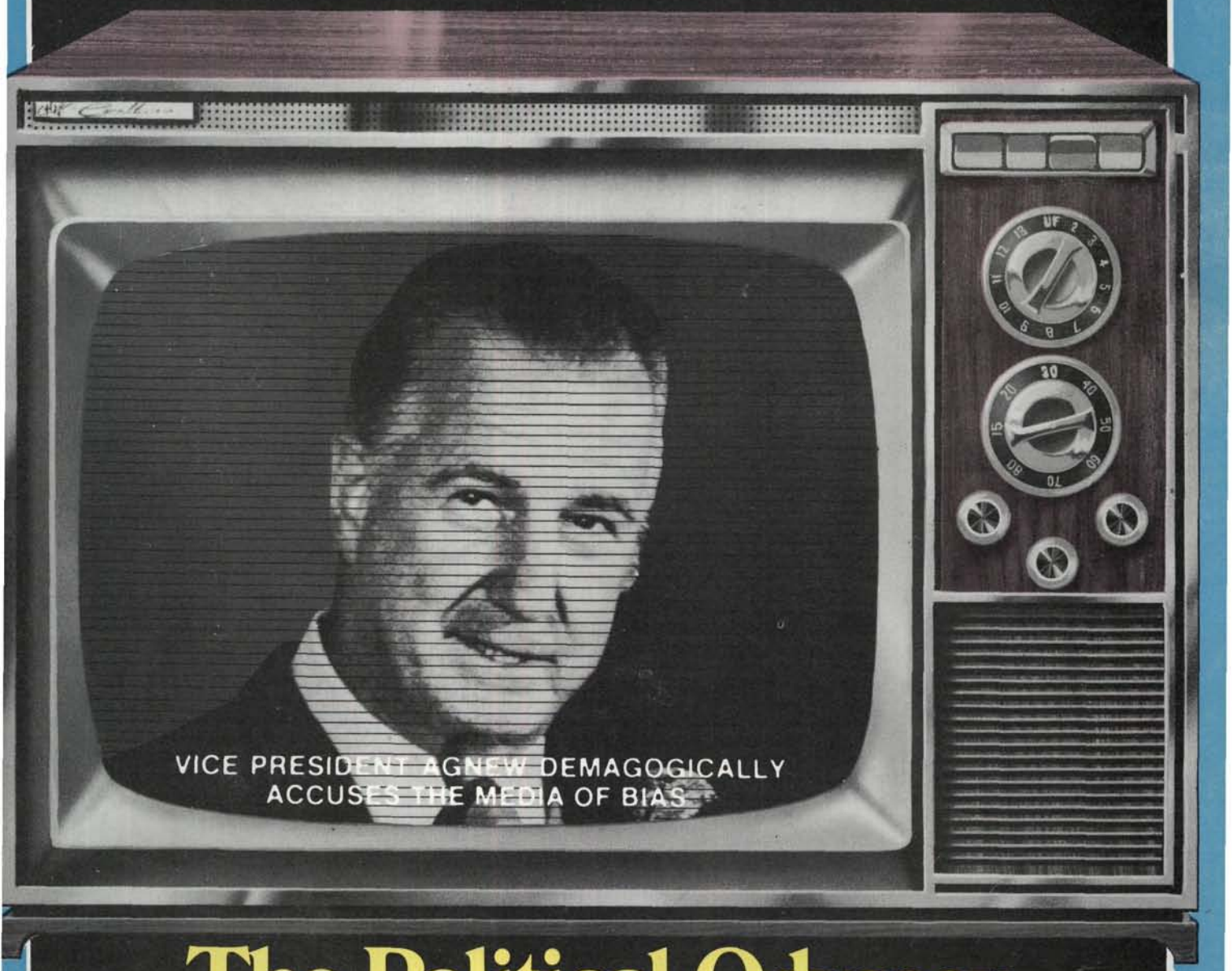

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M. STANTON

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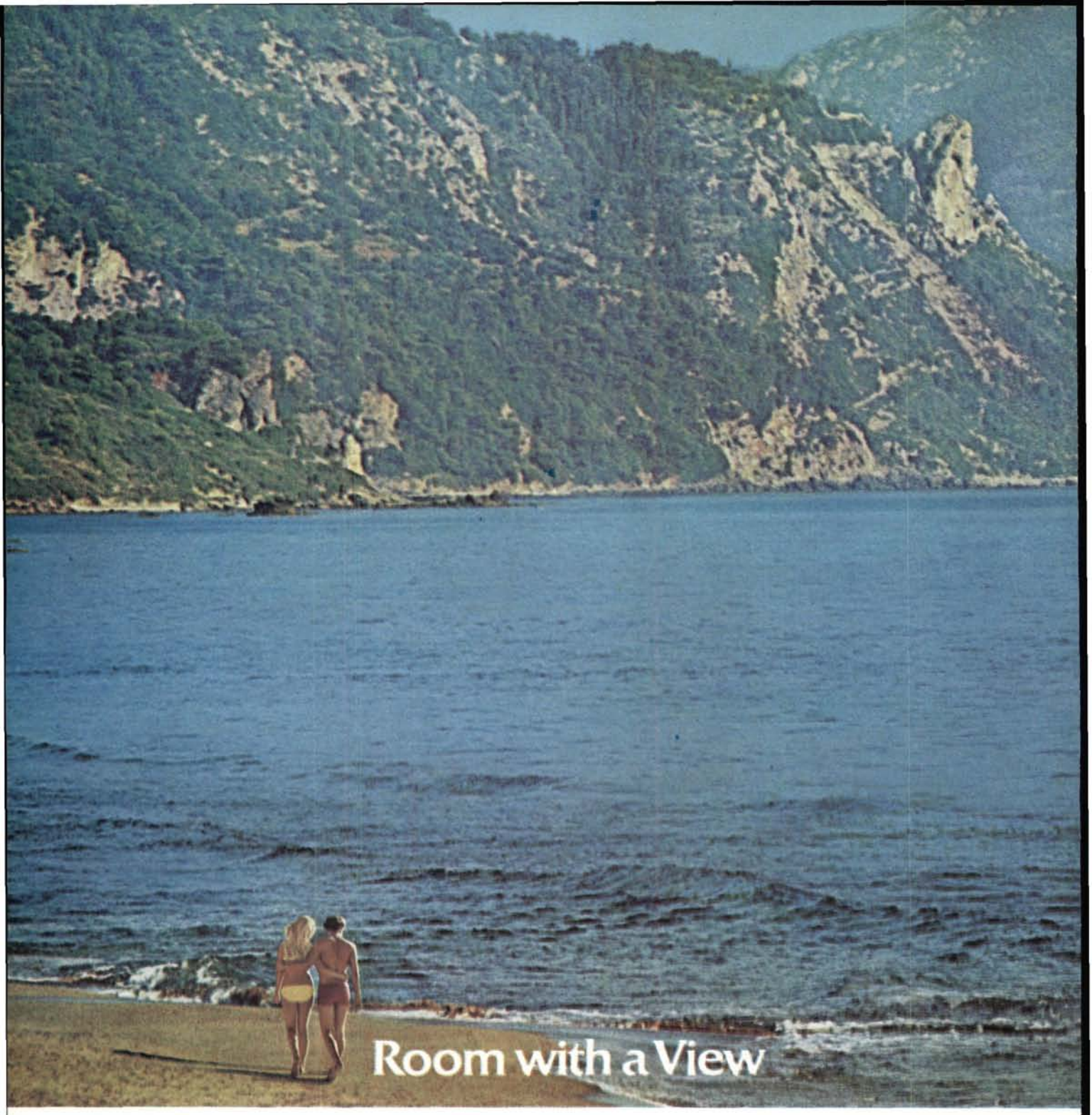

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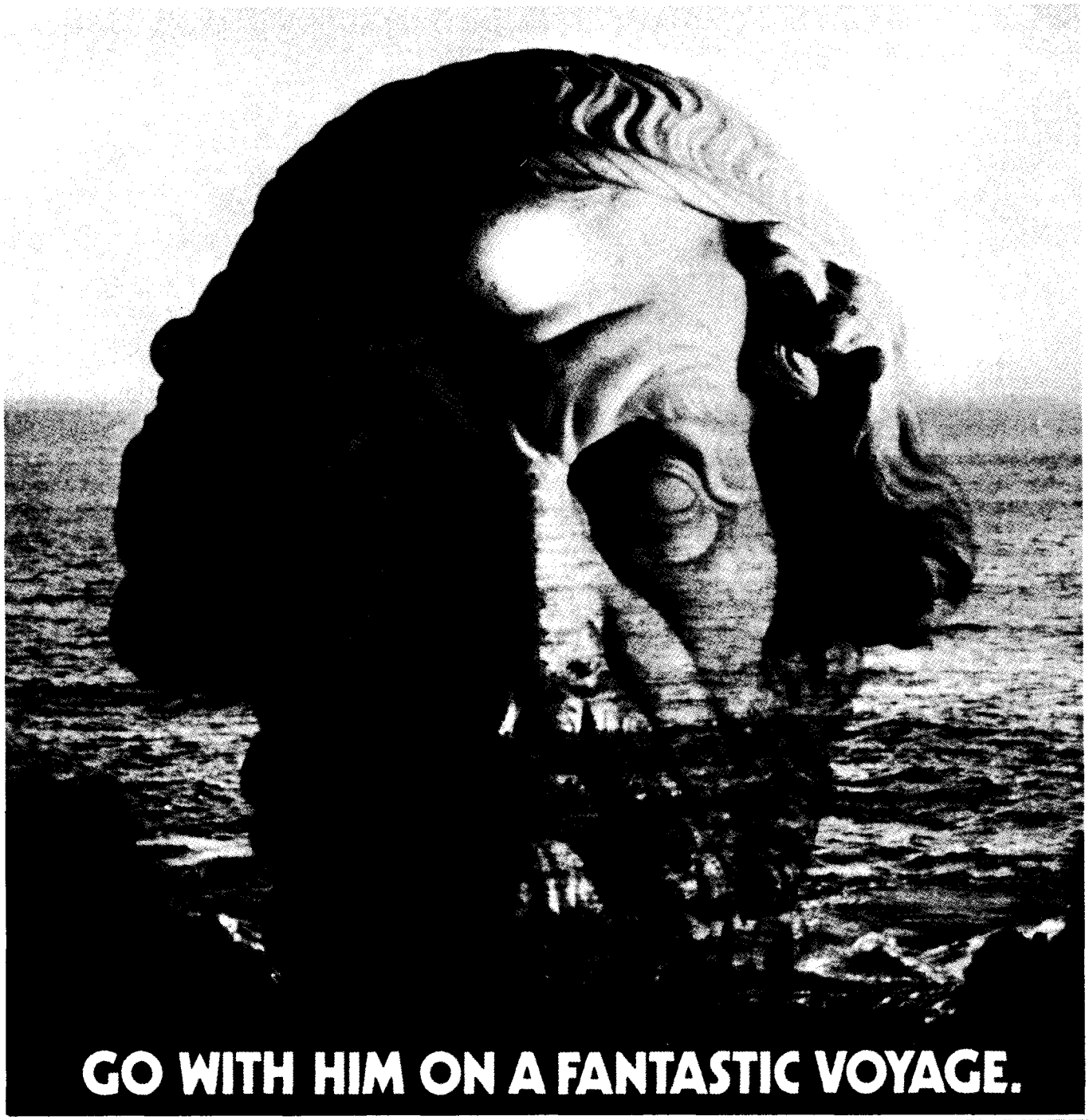

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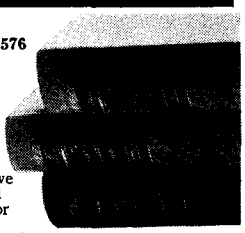

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 32 AUGUST 18, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we meet buffoon/Neanderthal/sop-to-the-Right/savior-of-us-all Spiro Agnew. As we have never met him before, thanks to **M. Stanton Evans**, who ignores the cliché-Agnews of right and left mythology to examine the man himself in all his complexity. Mr. Evans demonstrates a perfectly logical continuity between the liberal-integrationist governor of 1966 and the Vice President who roasts the hooligans and the media barons six years later. He concludes by subjecting Agnew to conservative litmus tests on a number of issues; the Veep passes, though not always superbly. Verdict: Welcome to the ticket. . . . From London, **Anthony Lejeune** reports on the wildly uncritical view of George McGovern offered by the British media—and wonders if McGovern's takeover of the Democratic Party means (as some Britishers happily contend) the beginning of an American Labor Party—a coalition of socialists and self-styled have-nots. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** puts the Egyptian-Soviet riftlet into perspective, reminding us that *Homo Sovieticus* is never a pleasant fellow to have a-visiting. Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn will be in the United States soon, on his annual speaking tour. . . . That world pow-wow on ecology in Stockholm resulted in nothing more than proposals for yet another international bureaucracy. **Eric Brodin** reports. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** cannot abide Jane Fonda. —CHS

882 **THE WEEK**

ARTICLES

893 LETTER FROM LONDON *by Anthony Lejeune*
894 THE POLITICAL ODYSSEY OF SPIRO T. AGNEW *by M. Stanton Evans*
901 A FABLE OF THE BLACK WHITES AND THE WHITE BLACKS *by John Keefauver*
902 LETTER FROM STOCKHOLM *by Eric Brodin*

DEPARTMENTS

892 FROM THE CONTINENT *by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn*
918 ON THE RIGHT *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
876 FOR THE RECORD ☐ **878** LETTERS ☐ **920** TRANS-O-GRAM

903 **BOOKS**

Nathan Glazer reviews Michael Novak's *The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics* ☐ Richard Jensen on two about minorities in politics ☐ Keith Mano's *The Proselytizer* reviewed by Jeffrey Hart ☐ Caroline Gordon's latest reviewed by M. E. Bradford ☐ Anthony Harrigan on *America Faces Defeat*

910 **ARTS & MANNERS**

Keith Mano attends a great Supernatural Happening ☐ David Brudnoy on *Portnoy* and *Slaughterhouse-Five* ☐ Nika Hazelton on health food

Contributors

Aram Bakshian Jr. ☐ C. D. Batchelor ☐ Ruth Berenson ☐ Colm Brogan
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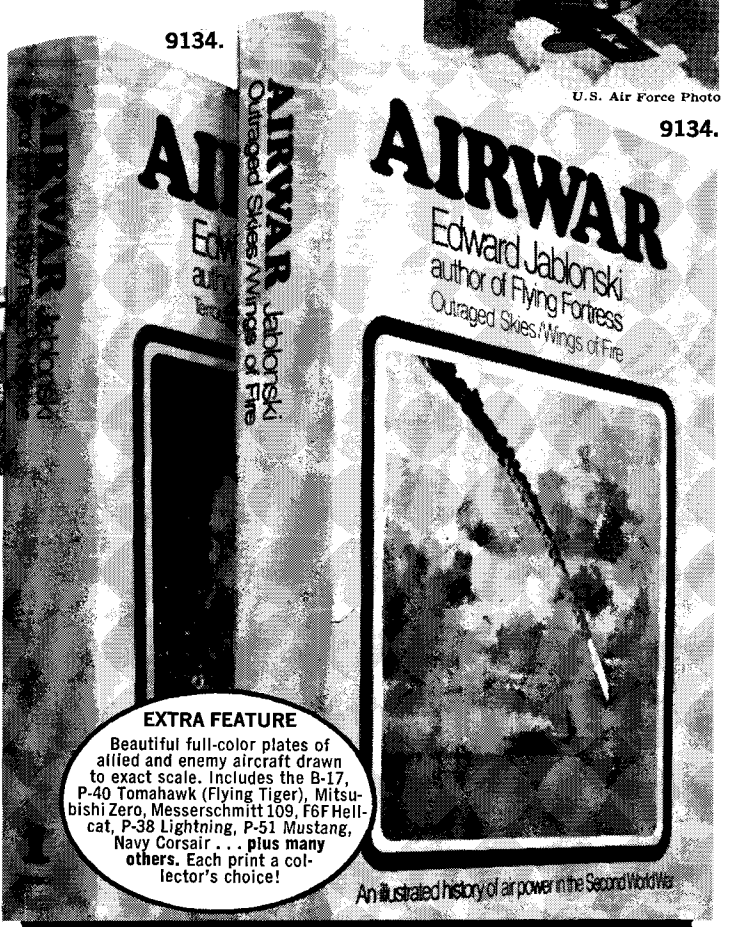
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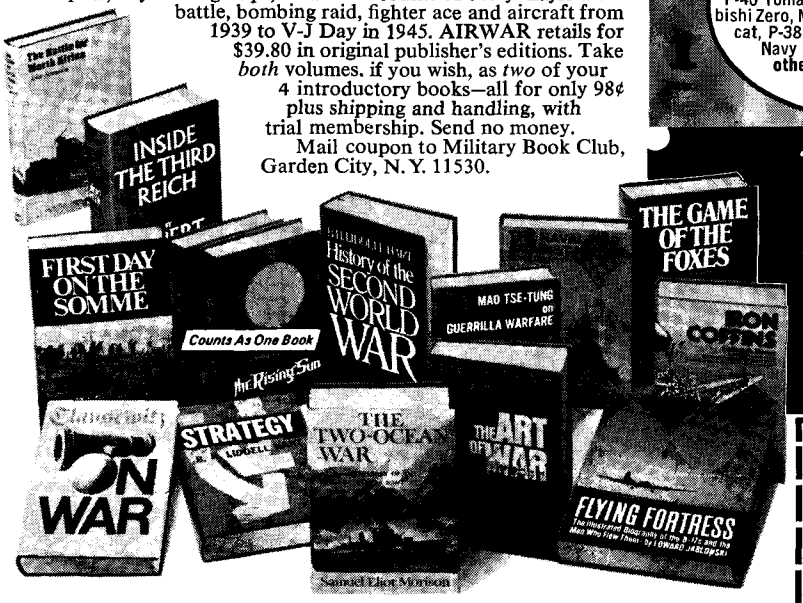

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FOR THE RECORD

■ While Democratic campaign was stalled by Eagleton, **Republicans** started moving on many fronts. **John Connally's Democrats for Nixon** operation a) got pledge of support from former Democratic Gov. **Mills Godwin** of Virginia, b) enlisted as staffer **George Christian**, former **Lyndon Johnson** White House press secretary (and former Connally press secretary), c) signed on **John McCarrell**, head of a powerful UAW local in Pennsylvania, after Carrell reported 90 per cent of his local was for Nixon. . . . In addition, former Ambassador **Edward Clark** (an LBJ appointee, Australia) signed on as head of **Texans for [John] Tower** committee in Texas. Clark says 188 other prominent Texan Democrats will join him. . . . In **New York**, leaders of the **Republican** and **Conservative** Parties were reported working on a common slate of electors, which will enable Nixon to run on both lines in November. . . . The **International Conference of Police Associations**, which represents 155,000 uniformed policemen, says it will back Nixon in the fall. . . . **Charles Collins**, a Vietnam veteran, reports he has organized a group of thirty thousand vets, **Concerned Veterans for Nixon**, to offset well-publicized activities of Vietnam Veterans against the War. . . . In California and New York **Henry Kissinger** has given a number of not-so-quiet briefings to big businessmen, many of them Jewish, who had been Humphrey supporters, are now worried about **McGovern's** stands on Israel, his isolationism, his economic program. . . . One Democratic fatcat, angered at the prominent "**boycott lettuce**" signs all over the Democratic Convention, is reported to have commented as he left: "Maybe the lettuce will boycott them."

■ What was the cost of the **Eagleton** candidacy? A **Gallup** poll on the question found 25 per cent of the voters "less favorably" disposed to the Democratic ticket as a result of it, 68 per cent said their feelings were unchanged. . . . The very day after the nomination, the *London Financial Times* had a report that Eagleton "had a history of nervous trouble that can cause him difficulties in the future." . . . Sen. **Barry Goldwater** lashed out in Senate at the irresponsible press, both for the **Newspaper Guild's** instant endorsement of McGovern-Eagleton, and for **Jack Anderson's** false "drunken driving" attack on Eagleton. Said Goldwater: ". . . This year's Pulitzer Prize winner for journalism, columnist Jack Anderson, [got] caught in a deliberate effort to smear the Democratic nominee for Vice President and [was] forced to apologize publicly." . . . Newsmen interviewing Eagleton the day he dropped out of race reported seeing on his bedside table the book *Not Exactly a Crime—Our Vice Presidents from Adams to Agnew*. Eagleton remarked he wouldn't be needing it anymore.

Harris, Canada — Ben Roth Agency

■ All reports of **Ramsey Clark's** trip to North Vietnam (he is going there at invitation of Hanoi government) stressed that he was going as "a private citizen," which brings up question: Isn't that what he is? Nature of report he'll bring back may be indicated by fact that group is headed by **Hans Goran Frank**, secretary general of the Stockholm-based International Commission of Inquiry into U.S. Crimes in Indochina, an offshoot of **Bertrand Russell's** war-crimes tribunal. . . . About the bombed dikes: the *Washington Post* (July 29) admitted that the picture it had printed the day before of North Vietnamese peasants repairing a damaged dike was in fact taken by **Amando Doranila** of the *Manila Times* and distributed by the AP—five years ago. . . . **La Fonda** was back and showing her 25-minute technicolor documentary of U.S. atrocities in North Vietnam—but without the sound track. It had been confiscated by French customs en route home. In her come-home press interview she accused Nixon of "genocide, biocide, ecocide and perhaps even meteocide," and announced she was suspending her acting career until November the better to campaign against a well-known meteocidist.

■ What will **Algerian** authorities do with latest **hijackers**? The last hijackers (of a Western Airlines plane) they turned over to **Eldridge Cleaver** and his Panther outpost. The Panthers then issued statement: "It is a correct and just tactic to expropriate all we can from the big capitalist companies and corporations which extort thousands of millions from the people." . . . *U.S. News* reports important **White House aides** are under orders to use military planes for fear of hijacking. . . . **Greece** has liberalized its restrictive divorce laws. It now authorizes divorce in cases of adultery, desertion, mental illness, incompatibility—and leprosy.

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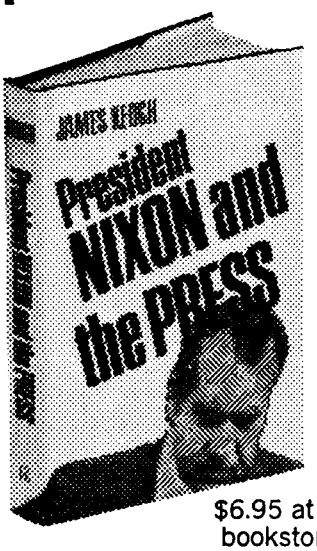

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LETTERS

Will on Welfare

"The Welfare State: Boob-bait for McGovernites" [July 7] is one of the finest, most incisive pieces of writing that I have read in quite some time. George Will is a master of the art of putting down on paper what many of us, with little or no literary skill, can only feel in our viscera.

Mr. Will speaks words of wisdom, which is something that the people of the United States need large doses of if we are to overcome the insidious perversity of the welfare state so ably and aptly condemned by Mr. Will.

Anchorage, Alaska JAMES D. RHODES

In re "The Welfare State: Boob-bait for McGovernites": George Will should have written a novel instead. It might have done for liberalism what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did for slavery. Two written masterpieces; two misanthropical institutions.

New York, N. Y. JAMES L. SHEVLIN

SALT Hits the Fan

With all due respect to Dr. Edward Teller, it does appear that in his article regarding the SALT accords ["Should the Senate Ratify the SALT Agreements?" July 7] his main concern is more a squaring-the-circle defense of Mr. Nixon's foreign policy than a clear and logical delineation of the ostensible issues. The result is not up to Dr. Teller's usual standards: His logic is loose; his basic assumptions are not supported; his sentiments, while possibly justifiable, are not justified. A few examples are in order.

First, Dr. Teller maintains we should okay the treaty, although admittedly there are no directly positive results for our side, because . . . the SALT accords merely continue bad policy based upon bad thinking rather than introduce "essential change." He relies upon a purely conjectural double negative to produce his only positive: At some dawn of realization on the part of the American people (brought about by what?) a negative reaction to a negative situation will somehow transpire, at which juncture the "free people" will perform the necessary miracle which will get us out of the mess we shall have created for ourselves in the first place by having done such very things as devise the SALT accords. Whew! And this in an age when a significant proportion of the good free folks are dedicated to the proposition that George McGovern should be President of the United States!

Next. Dr. Teller finds Nixon's Peking and Moscow overtures imaginative. He

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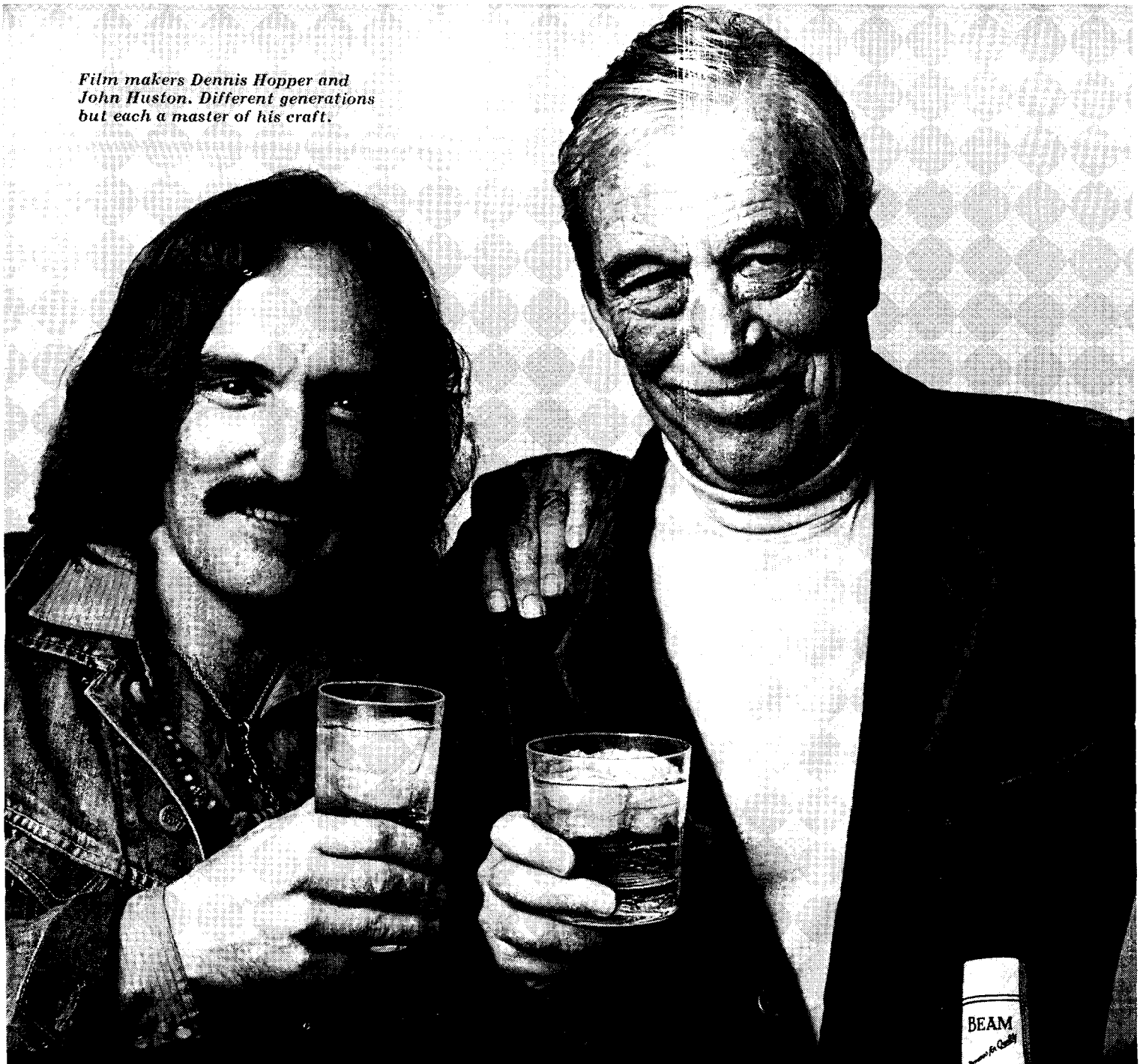
Film makers Dennis Hopper and John Huston. Different generations but each a master of his craft.



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has a point if by "imaginative" he means that any results in the U.S. interest will be strictly a product of the President's over-fertile imagination. But he doesn't mean that. Never mind. His main contention is that in the likely event Nixon's initiatives fail, presumably the American people and Congress will be psychologically prepared thereby to accept what should have been obvious to them in the first place as in the best interest of world peace, i.e., American military superiority. Alas, Dr. Teller is being as imaginative as his President. The only conclusion likely to be drawn by too many is that Mr. Nixon didn't crawl low enough or grovel long enough. And of course by that time the enemy (dare that word be used?) will be even more advanced militarily over us. There is, someday, such a time as too late.

And finally. Dr. Teller exhibits alarm that American institutions of higher learning are permitting or encouraging a diminution of interest in defense, technology and science in general. The treaty doesn't limit us in these areas, he says, and the situation must be ameliorated quickly or our very survival as a nation is in jeopardy. The catch is, the intellectual and emotional ambience which produced the attitudes Dr. Teller deplores is the same that culminated in the SALT accords. If there is not the national will to assume and sustain a superior defense posture, what reason is there to conclude it will be possible to carry forth costly technological, defense-oriented research in our universities? In this instance, one cannot have one's reordered priorities and scientific progress too.

No, Dr. Teller knows full well what's what, but he tries to do quite the impossible when he attempts to stretch the canvas of his argument at once over our vital national interests and a good many of Mr. Nixon's capricious and quixotic schemes. Unfortunately, the real question he addressed himself to was "Should the American Public Ratify Richard Nixon?" Now albeit the alternative to Nixon is hardly encouraging, that is no excuse to wax enthusiastic over dangerous follies.

San Francisco, Calif. NEIL G. BARCLAY

Ernest van den Haag ["Letters," July 21] is not convinced that Richard Nixon had any choice politically other than to accept SALT; this seems to be his major disagreement with Donald Brennan's "When the SALT Hit the Fan" [June 23]. Since van den Haag confronted Richard Falk in the first debate in a series at Princeton, he might be interested in some of the points of the second debate of the same series, in which Donald Brennan confronted Senator Proxmire.

In that debate, after all of Proxmire's strategic non-sequiturs had been thoroughly demolished, the Senator resorted to two political ploys: 1) Military expenditures must come from our domestic program and thus weaken us, and 2) if things are so bad militarily, why had Nixon not come to him and put the matter to him bluntly?

The "need" for our domestic welfare program is, of course, typical of the irresponsible rhetoric of the liberals of Proxmire's ilk; the latter point is the one of interest. Brennan's response was appropriate: One would not have expected Nixon to behave in this manner, it is true; but he never took Nixon as an expert on these matters, and does not now. That answered the political problem for Proxmire; it does not for van den Haag. However, the fact that Proxmire raised the issue as a desperate ploy perhaps provides the needed answer. Why has America become so complacent in the face of so serious a threat? Because it has figured that, if the problem were really so serious, that "conservative" man in the White House would be talking about it.

IRA L. STRAUS
Chairman,
Arlington, Va. Princeton YAF

McGovern

James Jackson Kilpatrick comments ["Through the Hibiscus, Dimly," Aug. 4] on the unexpected strength of the McGovern organization.

I like the summation of our Louisiana Governor Edwards on this. The McGovern people worked like Turks, they phoned, they pestered, they sent out masses of correspondence. They certainly had money and time, and spent it, while the rest of us did what we felt we could as uncommitted delegates. The McGovern people did *nothing* but politic for weeks. Though I was very interested in the selection of an uncommitted delegation, I missed a key meeting; my son missed the meeting because of exams. Somehow or other *none* of the McGovern people missed anything. Perhaps they were chosen for their very availability or willingness to be available.

I again quote Governor Edwards when he remarked he did not feel they speak for the majority of Democratic Louisiana voters. I know they do not. There was a strong effort to keep the delegation uncommitted, because this was the indicated attitude of the majority of the voters.

New Orleans, La. MRS. HUGH G. OLIVER

Szamek: An Addendum

I have just learned of the large number of letters and telegrams sent to the Governor of New Jersey by readers of NATIONAL REVIEW asking him personally to conduct an investigation of the sad conditions which my article "The Colonels Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out" [April 14] exposed. Unfortunately, however, all such communications are diverted to the Chancellor of Higher Education—against whom the charges were placed. The Chancellor then, as before, responds with false information. The charade continues.

(Continues on page 915)

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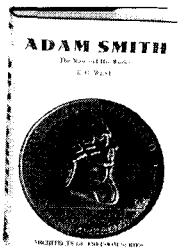

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THE WEEK

■ "It was a joy to be at the Democratic Convention this year. The Convention was a triumph for the young and the young of heart. . . . When McGovern . . . presented as his running-mate not some crafty choice of Southern strategy like Wilbur Mills but a like-minded freshman senator from Missouri . . . who could help cheering? How could Nixon and Agnew, or Nixon and Connally, Mr. Oil Depletion Allowance, match the youth and vigor —the simple decency—that shone in the faces of these candidates? From McGovern or Eagleton, who wouldn't be glad to buy a used car?" (I. F. Stone, *New York Review of Books*, August 10.)

■ Scrub third-party threats this year. George Wallace has said no to the American Independent Party which, whoever it now nominates, will pick up only a fraction of the vote it would have gotten with Wallace at the head of the ticket. On the Left, the People's Party has decided to stick with Benjamin Spock and black militant Julius Hobson. The Communists and the Trotskyists each have their own presidential slates which will further fractionalize the leftist vote. The Nixon-McGovern race of 1972 will be clear-cut, as the Nixon-Humphrey-Wallace contest of '68 was not.

■ Three prominent Keynesian economists—Professors Galbraith, Heller and Samuelson—told a congressional committee that Nixon's effort to hold the deficit at $27 billion would threaten continued prosperity. The underlying argument is that the government's deficit spending will not cause a corresponding reduction in private spending, but will increase total spending by raising the cost (interest rate) of holding money. But the private sector's propensity to hold wealth in the form of money is remarkably insensitive to changes in the interest rate; so that *more* borrowing by the government means *less* loanable funds available for private investment and consumption. If the deficit is (as usual) financed by money creation, the Keynesians see no inflationary impact because the new money will supposedly put unemployed workers to work rather than bid up wages and prices involved in existing production. That is, more money-demand will automatically increase supplies rather than prices. This is sort of a crude "Say's Law" (supply creates its own demand) in reverse. Unemployment in the real world involves legal and union-created barriers to entering many jobs, and, as Galbraith once wrote, "a complex fitting of highly diverse qualifications to highly diverse needs." In brief, deficit financing is either not a stimulus at all, or mainly a stimulus to inflation.

'Irrevocable' McGovern

Tuesday he was certain;
  Wednesday he was firm.
Thursday he got wobbly.
  (Friday, did he *squirm.*)
Saturday, the solon
  Closed up like a clam.
Now that it's all over,
  He's back on Vietnam.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Senator George McGovern said that he is "1,000 per cent" behind Senator Thomas Eagleton. . . . "Later, in response to questions about whether he had made 'an irrevocable decision' to keep Mr. Eagleton on the ticket, Mr. McGovern replied, 'Absolutely' " (*New York Times*, July 26). "It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry . . . that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment, or the malice of a favorite, the Emperor always made a speech to his whole Council, expressing his *great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world.* This speech was immediately published through the kingdom; nor did anything terrify the people so much as those encomiums of his Majesty's mercy . . ." (*Gulliver's Travels*).

■ The issues in the Ellsberg case are disappearing from sight, as the fogmakers pour it on and old Justice Douglas does his reliable best to mystify. So, the case is at least temporarily stalled, and ironies rush in. The judge orders the jury not to read the papers during the recess. Thus the court protects the defendants by quarantining the jury from the very press the defendants conveyed the purloined information to. And the whole interruption is the result of the defense insisting that a government wiretap may have been improper. Thus the defendants object to unauthorized access to *their* confidential information.

■ The hardcover soft-core porno mag *Eros* was pretty spicy for its day (1963); the direct-mail ads for it were even spicier, so publisher Ralph Ginzburg was sentenced to three years in jail under an 1872 antismut law. The Supreme Court upheld the conviction because Ginsburg's advertising "pandered"—a definition that hasn't been applied since. Now, almost a decade later, *Playboy* has thrown away the airbrush and *Eros* looks pretty tame; Ginzburg has published *Fact* (lots less truthful than the direct mail), *Avant-Garde* (not so far out as the ads suggested), and the militantly consumerist *Moneysworth* (it isn't); and now he's been paroled after serving eight whole months of that three-year term. The world waits to see what his next venture will be.

■ Jiri Pelikan, a former Czech Communist now in exile

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in London, has asked Angela Davis to demand the release of *all* political prisoners and the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Czechoslovakia. She had already been asked to intervene on behalf of the Ukrainians who are about to go on trial. The Committee for the Defense of Soviet Political Prisoners, for example, wrote an open letter to her in the *Militant*, saying: "At your trial there were many foreign journalists, among them the Soviet journalist E. Baskakov. Consequently, we ask you to demand from the Soviet government that foreign observers and journalists be present at the upcoming trials of the nineteen Ukrainians." Miss Davis has not replied to these requests, so far as the public knows.

■ A major break in the Vietnam situation may lie fairly close ahead—in, as it might be defined, the pre-election season. Whether such a break will inaugurate the final end of the war will doubtless depend on Hanoi's estimate of George McGovern's chances. If the North Vietnamese Politburo is half as smart as it is supposed to be, Richard Nixon is going to prove a good prophet. "The war will not be a factor in the 1972 election," he has said.

■ As hard as it is to enter Red China, it's even harder to exit. In a recent period, the bodies of sixty would-be refugees were picked from Hong Kong waters. Many just weren't able to make the long swim; others might have if it hadn't been for all the bullets in their bodies. But many do make it: In July more than 870 Chinese escaped from our new friends.

■ For a while it looked as if the Canadian government might follow the recommendation of its Commission on the Nonmedical Use of Drugs, and legalize marijuana. But Ottawa has opted instead for gradual "decriminalization": lower fines for possession, no jail sentences, no court record for first offenders. This follows the U.S. trend toward softer penalties. There, as here, it seems only a matter of time.

■ With all the talk about Burundi and the hundred thousand or so people killed there, one tends to forget about the rest of Africa. Take Nigeria. It has a crime problem but the military rulers have a solution. Anyone convicted of armed robbery is executed by firing squad, public invited, BYOL. So far 150 have gone to their eternal in this way, with crowds of as much as a hundred thousand in attendance. Nice going, Nigeria. Now we move east a few miles to the Central African Republic. "There will be no more theft in the Central African Republic," said the country's president, General Jean Bédel Bokassa; he led his soldiers into a prison where there were 46 men convicted of thieving and told the soldiers to "keep on hitting them till you kill them." The soldiers obliged. Our man Bokassa promises this treatment will continue—complete with weekly exhibitions of dead and wounded—as long as the criminal behavior continues. Coo! There goes Coué!

■ As the latest North Vietnamese invasion winds down, the reports of atrocities begin to come in. According to *U.S. News & World Report*, 93 "enemies of the people" (South Vietnamese policemen and government workers) were murdered by the North Vietnamese in three villages. The number will of course increase when other villages are able to report. In the village of Binh Long, it is thought, 40 per cent of the government officials may have been kidnaped or killed. Does a fellow have to be President before he starts begging?

■ *Modern Age*, for those who aren't aware of it, is a conservative quarterly dealing mainly with politics, phil-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

George McGovern maintains that there was no way he could have known about Sen. Tom Eagleton's health problems. Horsefeathers! This columnist knew the main details of the Eagleton story by the time Eagleton was nominated. There is no reason why Cato should know more about McGovern's Senate colleague than McGovern does. Former Missouri Congressman Tom Curtis, who lost to Eagleton in the 1968 Senate race, knew the details but refused to use them.

Rumors about Eagleton's problems were racing around Miami during the Convention. McGovern's staff did not bother to run the rumors to earth. The press, which has been playing up the McGovern staff, seems to have mistaken arrogance for competence.

At about the time McGovern was pledging "1,000 per cent" support for Eagleton, McGovern's Washington staff was announcing that telegrams were running 2 to 1 in favor of dumping Eagleton. That announcement had the smell of sabotage, especially when the Washington office later conceded that it was talking about a total of thirty telegrams. Meanwhile Eagleton was issuing Churchillian declarations about never withdrawing. It soon became a war of nerves between the bottom and the top of the ticket.

But it is already too late for the Democrats to salvage one of their major campaign plans.

The Democrats are convinced that a significant number of voters, including many who like what Agnew says, are uneasy about the idea of Agnew as President. They had planned to hammer away at the idea that Agnew should not stand a "heartbeat" away from the Presidency. But for this strategy to work, the Democrats' vice presidential candidate had to present a clear contrast with Agnew. The Eagleton fiasco has knocked that plan into a cocked hat.

McGovern has been running for President for four years. On June 6, when he won the California primary, he knew he was going to be the nominee. In short, he had plenty of time to think about a running-mate. But it was not until twenty minutes before party rules required him to name his choice that McGovern spoke to Eagleton. They spoke for about 45 seconds.

It is an axiom of American politics that people pay little attention to election-year politics until after the World Series. As a result, the most important factor in any campaign is the very general early impression that the public gets about a candidate. This year the Democrats held their Convention early (five weeks earlier than in 1968) in order to give themselves time to heal their wounds and burnish the candidate's image. But the Eagleton episode has left the impression that there is something reckless, even ramshackle, about the McGovern operation.

■ American chess whiz Bobby Fischer has replaced the Vietnam war as the issue that most effectively reveals hawkish and doveish temperaments in Washington. Doves mutter that Fischer is an "ugly American" who is messing up "world opinion" ("What *will* the Swedes think!") and endangering "détente." Hawks have marveled at Fischer's truculence in dealing with everything from the thickness of the curtains to the lighting in the room where he is confronting Spassky. Some hawks have voiced the hope that Gerard C. Smith will resign as chief U.S. negotiator and allow Fischer to deal with the Russians in the second phase of the strategic arms limitation talks (SALT).

Right now those senators and congressmen who do not like the results of SALT Phase I are in a quandary. Since it would be quixotic to vote against either the treaty on defensive systems or the five-year Interim Agreement on offensive sytems (there are not twenty votes in Congress against either), the very few legislators who are seriously interested in the matter will concern themselves with the language of the joint congressional resolution adopting the Interim Agreement. They want language that will put some resolve in our "Phase II" negotiators. This language would call upon the President to negotiate future treaties that would in no way limit the United States to levels of strategic intercontinental forces inferior to the limits provided for the USSR.

■ Anyone detect a pattern here? By mid-May George McGovern is the frontrunner for the Democratic nomination and George Meany is storming around AFL-CIO headquarters denouncing McGovern. On May 20 Secretary of Labor James Hodgson addresses the convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers: "Have we sponsored right-to-work laws? We have not. Have we proposed applying antitrust legislation to unions? The answer is no." Soon after McGovern is nominated the AFL-CIO Executive Council refuses to endorse him and the Teamsters endorse Nixon. Then quicker than you can say "14-b? Never heard of it" or "presidential commutation of sentence for Jimmy Hoffa," the Administration scuttles emergency transportation strike legislation which, if passed, would have spared the nation, and especially the nation's farmers, the severe economic losses that often result from transportation strikes and that proved catastrophic to farmers last go-round.

When McGovern routed the forces of organized labor at the Democratic Convention there were those who said that labor had lost its power. Now it appears that labor may be in an unprecedentedly strong position. The Democratic Party cannot take labor for granted. And the Nixon Administration is thrashing about trying to prove that it harbors no principled hostility to labor power. —Cato

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osophy, economics and literature. In the current issue, George Carey discusses the flaws in the majority-rule dogma; Donald Atwell Zoll, the current crisis in morals, in the context of "The Ethical Base of Community"; Stephen Tonsor and George Douglas give reasons for—and suggest solutions to—the malaise in higher education; and John Russell compares the war trilogies of Anthony Powell and Evelyn Waugh, concluding that "Though a comparison is indeed called for, perhaps an elevation of the two works to positions of commensurate esteem will be the result." In addition there's Eliseo Vivas' moving memorial address on Frank Meyer to the Philadelphia Society, and the large book section includes reviews by Henry Regnery and Mario Pei. For more information, write to *Modern Age*, 743 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

■ The *Daily World* can't just come out and endorse McGovern—the Communist Party has its own presidential and vice presidential candidates this year, Gus Hall

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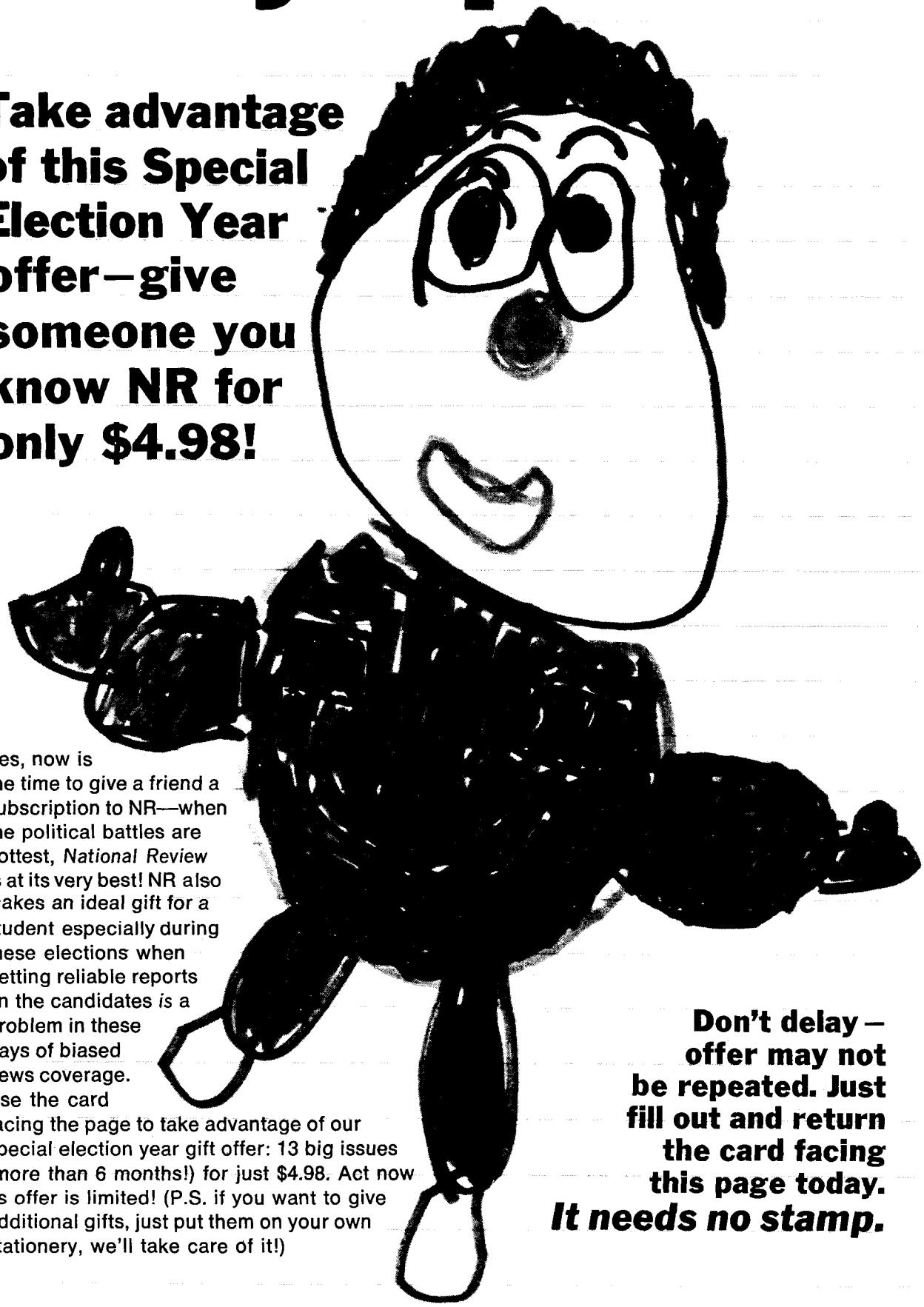

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and Jarvis Tyner. But it would take an obtuse comrade indeed not to get the message from the July 20 *World* (July 19 was the day McGovern was nominated).

Page One: banner headline "UNIONS DEFY MEANY, PUSH FIGHT ON NIXON."

Page Three: boxed, "Five Million Unionists Defy Meany Stand."

Page Four: item in column of national news "Two International Unions Back McGovern."

Page Six: labor columnist George Morris discusses why labor should not support Meany.

Page Seven: editorial: "There are many encouraging signs that labor is resisting Meany's reactionary policies. . . . The overruling issue is to mobilize to defeat Nixon's bid for another term."

Page Eleven: "Many Steel Unions Support McGovern."

Page Eleven: runover from page one "UNIONS DEFY MEANY."

Republican Quota Scheme?

All but unnoticed, going forward like a mine being dug beneath the walls of a citadel, only the faint scratchings and scraping now and then being discerned by the defenders above, a plot is in motion—is, indeed, well-advanced—to subvert the Republican Party at Miami Beach later this month. Its goal is to gain for fringe Republican liberals the power within the party they cannot win at the ballot box.

The subversive instrument will be a set of recommendations for "reform" to be presented to the Rules Committee by a study group set up in 1968. If adopted, the following "reforms" will go into effect for the 1976 Republican Convention:

1) 50 per cent quotas in every delegation for men and women;

2) 25-and-under young people to be represented in exact proportion to voting strength in each state;

3) 25 per cent representation for 25-and-under voters on all Convention committees, including Rules, Credentials and Platform—where many key decisions are made;

4) 25 per cent representation on these committees for members of "minority ethnic groups."

Consider especially the last three of the above proposals. What, for example, is a "minority ethnic group." It turns out that the reformers have in mind only Negroes, Chicanos and Indians—but not Chinese, Japanese, Italians, Irish, Jews, Poles, Liths, Lats and so on. *Fashionable* minorities are to be represented: the ones also represented so fully on the shelves of paperbacks in the bookstore. The "regressive" and unfashionable ethnic minorities, those, for example, who voted against John Lindsay, are not, for the purposes of this reform, ethnic minorities at all.

Now one thing you will notice about the fashionable minorities so dear to the Republican reformers is that they have not been very Republican. Negroes, Chicanos and Indians together probably make up somewhat less than 5 per cent of the Republican vote, though, together, perhaps 15 per cent of the population. The proposed 25 per cent quota would thus over-represent them on key committees within the Republican Party by a factor of five. Ah, we begin to understand the smile on the face of the alligator. This Machiavellian tactic clearly has been conceived as a way of pushing the 1976 Republican Convention, like the 1972 Democratic Convention, many degrees to the left of its rank-and-file following.

The same kind of analysis can be made of the proposals regarding the 25-and-under representation. This slice of the population ranks relatively high in its support of Senator McGovern and his objectives, and low in support of Nixon and the Republicans. It would, therefore, be drastically over-represented within the party by the proposed reforms.

The quota system, to be sure, has some interest as a source of incidental comedy. States like Vermont and Nebraska might have some physical difficulty in coming forward with their quotas of Negroes, Chicanos and Indians. One can even envision the rise of a flourishing new enterprise: "Rent-a-Delegate. The quota system already is in semiclandestine operation in college admissions and in the hiring of faculty, and gallows-wit jokes are circulating in the faculty lounges ("She couldn't get a job in Anthropology as an Eskimo. She's trying English as a Lesbian").

If the proposed reforms are an immediate and practical danger to the Republican Party, they are also ominous for what they imply for the future of the nation. In its make-up and in its favored procedures, just as much as in its nominees and in its platform, a party tells us much about its vision of politics and its conception of the desirable society. If justice and "representation" require quotas at the Republican Convention, then surely they require quotas elsewhere—maybe everywhere else. And, indeed, the quota system has in fact begun to appear elsewhere. In their interpretation of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, HEW and OEO have already moved from striking at discriminatory regulations and practices to the requirement of "affirmative action." Universities and other institutions having contracts with the Federal Gov-

Henry, Peter and Jane

Henry does camera commercials;
  Peter makes movies on bikes.
Jane is the kid who's blowing her lid
  Whenever we damage the dikes.
Henry's the Hollywood daddy;
  Peter's his talented son.
Jane's got a nose like Tokyo Rose
  For every B-52 run.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ernment are being required to represent the fashionable minorities—but, again, not Poles, Italians etc.—in their hiring of personnel.

This definition of "representation" and "opportunity," which even now quietly encroaches upon various areas of our national life, could mean a revolutionary change in American institutions. An individual's social and economic position in society would, upon this principle, be politically determined rather than determined by merit. The quotas would necessarily be established by government; and, of course, a vast new federal structure would be necessary to supervise them; and power within the supervisory structure would itself be allotted by quota, That is the kind of American future that is foreshadowed by the quota system in operation at the Democratic Convention last month in Miami and by the one proposed for emulation by the Republican Convention later on in August.

The identity of those pushing the quota system would the Republican Party comes as no great shock. They include our old friends in the Ripon Society, plus Sen. Jacob Javits (N.Y.) and Sen. Charles Mathias (Md.), and Representatives Thomas Railsback (Ill.), John Anderson (Ill.), Gilbert Gude (Md.), William Steiger (Wisc.) and Louis Frey (Fla.). Ominously enough, some favorably inclined liberals are already slated for the crucial Rules Committee: Senators Mathias, Percy and Packwood.

Dikes and Dupes

Air power, you will remember being told, is not very effective. German production *increased* in 1944 despite strategic bombing, etc., etc. Bombing failed in 1966-1968 in Vietnam, etc., etc. Bombing actually stiffens an antagonist's morale. But now that air power has more or less obliterated the latest North Vietnamese offensive, the line has shifted. Bombing is not ineffective; it is, well, too effective. It might even destroy North Vietnam by wrecking its dike system. Either line, it is to be noticed, leads to the same conclusion: Stop the bombing of North Vietnam.

As the line shifts from "ineffective" to "too effective," world opinion falls into place like a field of iron filings rearranged by the changing position of a magnet. The *New Yorker* reaches new heights of hysteria: "There are all kinds of factories, and the American machine in Vietnam is a death factory." Hanoi's chief negotiator in Paris, Xuan Thuy, charges "systematic and deliberate" bombing of dikes. Eugene Carson Blake of the World Council of Churches picks up the tune. Kurt Waldheim of the UN does likewise. Miscellaneous Swedish and French media people join in, as does Jane Fonda. An international group is invited by Hanoi to visit the bomb damage.

Craters they will find. But whether caused by bombing, deliberate or accidental, this year or last, or by SAM missiles shot into the air and falling back we know not where, Ramsey Clark will supposedly determine (see "For the Record").

For a while, everyone will be talking about "dikes." Just as, for a while, everyone was talking about "napalm." The dikes are merely the latest symbol around which "world opinion" can be crystallized in such a way as to exert pressure on the U.S.

Perhaps Hanoi really is worried about the dikes. Maybe they have good reason to be worried. But Hanoi is not so worried that it is willing to stop killing South Vietnamese in order to guarantee the dikes against bombing. It relies on Blake and Waldheim and Clark to do that, so that it can go on with the killing.

The Cost of McGovernment

Most of the campaign issues this year involve changes in the way government obtains and spends money. As a result, one of the most-quoted books of the year is a timely tome entitled *Setting National Priorities: The 1973 Budget*, edited by several liberal economists who served under Kennedy and Johnson. Though this Brookings Institution study is far too fatalistic about the necessity for new taxes, the purely factual material in the study should have a sobering effect on some of the most grandiose hallucinations of candidate McGovern.

The familiar cliché about "reordering priorities" from defense to domestic spending, for example, does not square so well with the facts. Defense outlays claimed 8.3 per cent of Gross National Product in 1961-1964, and 9.4 per cent in 1968. The defense budget is now down to 6.4 per cent of GNP, and McGovern has been seriously suggesting reducing it to 3.7 per cent ($55 billion) by 1975. The Brookings study considers several national security options, some involving more spending, others less. The lowest feasible option involves a cutback of $12.5 billion by 1977. This is to be achieved by: the elimination of nearly a million jobs, restricting the air-defense system to a "surveillance role," deactivating six brigades, "a marked reduction in tactical air force modernization," and the elimination of carriers, B-52s, Minuteman II and Titan missiles. Since the current defense outlay is estimated to cost as much as $95 billion (in 1973 dollars) by 1977, the lowest option would still require $82.5 billion by then—and much more if inflation is taken into account.

Looking at the other side of the drive to reorder priorities, we find that domestic programs of the Federal Government alone have grown from 8.7 per cent of 1963 GNP to 13.4 per cent in 1973. The major Great Society programs have grown in the last decade from $1.7 billion to $35.7 billion.

If no other legislation were enacted, existing programs would grow by their own momentum to $300 billion by 1975, and we would then face a $17 billion deficit even if the economy reached that elusive "full

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employment" level (4 per cent unemployed). Since these Brookings estimates were made, however, several unanticipated expenditures have already been authorized, the most significant of which was the 20 per cent increase in Social Security benefits.

New programs would throw things even further out of balance. The Kennedy-Griffith health-insurance bill would cost $60 billion a year initially, and the figure would rise in response to the scarce medical services. Child care for pre-schoolers could cost $12 billion to $28 billion a year. Property tax relief and equalizing per-pupil expenditures within elementary and secondary schools would add $21 billion to the annual budget. Pending water pollution bills could add another $4 billion, with the total public and private expense of achieving current goals for air and water clean-up reaching $40 billion a year by 1980. No figures on the cost of additional income-support plans were provided by the Brookings study, but the Senate Finance Committee has put a $71-billion price tag on the National Welfare Rights bill, which has now been disowned by the man who introduced it—Senator McGovern—in favor of something costing perhaps "only" $43 billion to $51 billion.

The disillusioning conclusion of the Brookings economists is that "new programs will have to be financed from higher taxes or from sharp reductions in current activities." We've seen that the defense budget already takes a much smaller share of our incomes than it did under two Democratic Administrations, despite the doubling of average military pay since 1968. There isn't much chance of safely reducing the defense burden much further, and even the Brookings study's most radical cutbacks would still involve more total dollars than we're now spending. The most dramatic of three "tax reform" packages which the Brookings study considers would raise another $13.4 billion from personal and corporate taxes. This is definitely a "soak the rich" proposal, involving an even higher tax rate on millionaires than under McGovern's scheme, but everyone's taxes would rise somewhat. The total revenue from the lowest defense option and the highest tax reform package combined would not even be enough to eliminate the deficit, much less finance new programs totaling well over $100 billion.

Removing tax loopholes without a corresponding reduction in someone's tax rates is not "tax reform," it's a tax increase. Replacing $12 billion in property taxes with $21 billion in income taxes is not "tax relief," it's a tax increase. Increasing the average man's taxes by billions of dollars to pay for someone else's "benefits" is not "populism" or "radicalism," it's stale New Dealism, gone berserk.

The Anniversary of Controls

We have now had a full year of wage and price controls, and it seems appropriate to take stock of where we are, where we should have been without controls, and where we are headed.

The current economic recovery began in October 1970 and was briefly interrupted by the paralyzing uncertainty of Phase I (Aug. 15 to Nov. 15). The index of leading economic indicators rose more rapidly in the six months before last August, for example, than in the subsequent six months. From January through July of last year, industrial production, housing starts and retail sales had been vigorous and expanding. Controls initially dampened this boom, and the *New York Times* business index did not recover the peak trend of last June until April of this year. By April, the economy had adjusted to a consistently ineffectual controls policy, and inflationary pressures had diminished as a result

"Where can I help?"

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of the slowed monetary growth in the last half of 1971. In the second quarter of this year, real GNP growth was therefore quite substantial. Journalists often point to the second quarter's low rate of inflation in isolation —as though it nullified the 5.1 per cent rise in the previous quarter and also insured against renewed inflation.

Judged by the same standards that were applied to the former game-plan, the achievements of the New Economic Policy haven't been especially impressive.

Item: From October 1970 to April 1971, the annual rate of inflation fell by 1.5 percentage points. If that trend had been allowed to continue, we would have been down to a 2.8 per cent inflation rate by October, 1971. In fact, the inflation rate was only 2.4 per cent last July. Phase II has so far given us a 3.1 per cent annual rate of increase in the Consumer Price Index, and a substantially higher wholesale increase than before the freeze. (Besides, the official figures doubtless obscure some unofficial increases, since honest reporting is penalized.)

Item: From May to July 1971, unemployment fell from 6.2 to 5.8 per cent. In only one month has NEP given us a lower unemployment rate than last July's, and that improvement was confined to those under age twenty-five.

Item: Last year we embraced controls largely because pay increases had been exceeding productivity increases (which averaged 3.6 per cent). In the first quarter of this year productivity increased by only 2.3 per cent, while the Pay Board encouraged wage increases of 5.5 per cent and higher. Now, 56 per cent of the private non-farm labor force is totally exempt from wage controls.

Item: Another main goal of NEP was to improve the competitiveness of American products in international trade and improve our deficit in international payments. In the first six months of this year, imports exceeded exports by $3.4 billion. The trade deficit this year is likely to be twice as large as last year's.

Looking ahead, we face a budgetary deficit of at least $35 billion in this fiscal year, or $27 billion in the unlikely event that Congress goes along with the President's ceiling on spending. The money-creation needed to finance either deficit will spark another round of inflation, or taxes will rise and dampen the spending that fuels our prosperity. Either way we won't have a non-inflationary prosperity, and this explains the persistent skepticism of investors and the general public. The money supply increased by 9.3 per cent in the first quarter of this year, and 5.3 per cent in the second. Wholesale prices are already showing the strain, rising at an annual rate of 6 per cent in May and June. Prices of raw farm products rose more rapidly in both June and July than in any other month in 21 years.

Production will continue to increase, but skeptics can point to reduced retail sales and steel shipments in June, and stagnation in personal income and industrial output. The Council of Economic Advisers halved its original estimate of this year's inventory boom. Past performance is a crude basis for forecasting, and those indicators which generally move ahead of the "business cycle" are not uniformly encouraging. Stock prices are edging back up a little, but this can signal inflation rather than real growth. Corporate profits are improved, but not in relation to the growth of national income over the past few years. The well-publicized Commerce Department estimates of profits for the first quarter have now been quietly revised downward by $2.8 billion.

It was an awesome precedent for the government to assume the authority, in peacetime, to tell people how much they may earn for their labor or charge for their products. It is only because we were blessed with unusually sensible administrators that this power has not been used to, say, impose zero GNP growth or penalize unloved unions, corporations and political dissidents. The Administration has taken a major step toward a regimented economy, and it has done so on the basis of unlikely arguments and uncertain achievements. If it weren't so potentially dangerous, the whole controls set-up might simply be allowed to bore itself to death.

Schlesinger Eyes Comeback

Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., the former historian, is a man of no mean parts, but at the very thought of the Presidency something at the center of his brain turns to marmalade. Here he is, for example, very early on in his career, describing in *The Age of Jackson* the new President's arrival in Washington: "Many in this bitter day shared the emotions of the conservative Boston merchant who watched out of his window to catch a glimpse of the old General, 'regarding him very much as he might have done some dangerous monster which was being led captive past his house.' When Jackson finally appeared, his hatred abruptly collapsed. Exclaiming, 'Do someone come here and salute the old man!' he thrust his small daughter forward to wave her handkerchief. Jackson, as Josiah Quincy said, 'wrought a mysterious charm on old and young.' " The same sort of gaga treatment crops up again and again in his handling of FDR and, especially, JFK, the Fallen Savior, both of whom, it would appear, could walk on water and exorcise demons.

But alas, for lo these many years, since, in fact, 1963, Arthur Schlesinger has been a wanderer in the desert —wearing goat skins, dining on locusts, his skin blackened and his beard scraggly and matted: Ie., he has been cut off from the White House and the exercise of power.

But now he has had a Pisgah vision. McGovern will win, the temple on Pennsylvania Avenue will be emptied of moneychangers, and all, all will be restored. At the Democratic Convention in Miami, Schlesinger was seen now here, now there, palpitating with excitement, dropping broad hints to reporters that he, Schlesinger, was writing McGovern's acceptance speech. Well, it

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seems McGovern wrote his own, but Schlesinger, one gathered, was circling closer and closer to the Throne.

In a recent *N.Y. Times Magazine* article, Schlesinger explicates his vision and explains the route to the promised land: "How McGovern Will Win." Unfortunately, the candidate himself has erected some small obstacles—his policy proposals, for example. Poof! says Schlesinger, mere bagatelles: "indications of general directions," not "forecasts of specific programs." Voters "know well enough that no position paper will become a law before it is ground by the mills of Congress." So much for McGovern's celebrated "program." We will be guarded by Wilbur Mills.

But why, then, would anyone vote for McGovern? The answer, according to the late historian, is that America in 1972 is very much like America in . . . 1932! Schlesinger discerns in the land "a pessimism more penetrating than the pessimism of the Depression." The exegete might suggest here that the pessimism is in the eye of the beholder, the dark mood merely the reflection of Schlesinger's own banishment from the saving purlieus of the White House.

But read on. Not pausing to remark the entire absence of lockouts, bread-lines and plummeting stockbrokers, Schlesinger continues: "If anyone wants historical analogies for McGovern, the appropriate analogy would be not Goldwater in 1964 but Roosevelt in 1932. Forty years ago, as today, the nation was in a state of political and economic frustration. Ordinary people in 1932 felt a profound mistrust of the Establishment and widespread estrangement from the political order. Franklin Roosevelt *understood* . . ." Ah, the Great Insight, the Mount Rushmore vision again. We will move from BC to AD, or from BFDR to AFDR, George McGovern being the latest vehicle of salvation, the Red Sea parting before his "coalition—the young, the women, the blacks, the blue-collar workers, the suburbanites, the farmers, the Mexican-Americans, the intellectuals . . ." And lo it will come to pass, that in the cool of the morning Arthur Schlesinger Jr. will stroll into the Rose Garden . . .

Chilean Notes

A woman who hailed the election of Allende in 1970 now writes to a friend abroad: "Life in Chile goes on, but differently. This country is still marvelous because of its climate and its nature, but with so many daily problems even the people are changing. There is an atmosphere of resentment, inefficiency and collective anguish which is difficult to endure. You begin the day with transportation problems, you continue with shortages and end it with the absolute evidence that this lovely and beloved land is going to hell. I cannot imagine when and how it can lift itself up, but I do hope that some day, due to the general discontent, we may at long last liberate ourselves from this irremediably useless government. . . . If you consider the insurmountable political animosities, the only solution will be a ten-year military dictatorship. . . ."

In fact the military is drawing steadily away from Allende, and adopting a policy of watchful waiting. Commander in Chief General Carlos Prats first declined the five cabinet posts offered to military men, then had General Palacios quit as Minister of Mines, and now seems to have engineered the resignation of all officers from political posts. What the generals and admirals wait watchfully for is any attempt by "extremists" to disrupt the electoral process. There might be just such an attempt next March, when elections will be held for the Congress that will serve until 1976. If it looks to Allende that the Opposition will win, few doubt that he will hesitate to unleash the armed, superrevolutionary MIR. For the second time the opposition has impeached a Minister of the Interior. In January, José Tohá was booted; Allende countered by making him Minister of Defense. Now Hernán del Canto has gone the same way (for permitting several crates of arms from Cuba to pass uninspected through customs); and this time around, Allende has not dared appoint his man to another post.

Congress continues to infuriate Allende. The lower house systematically overrides Allende's vetoes of critical measures (the Communists, still touting themselves as apostles of stability, hope to work a deal with the Christian Democrats on the vetoes). If the upper house also overrides them, Allende will go to the Supreme Court—a move the Opposition says is unconstitutional. The Court is expected to declare itself incompetent in the matter—in which case Allende will either have to subside, accepting legislative superiority, or demand a nationwide plebiscite on the question of replacing Congress with a unicameral, rubber-stamp "people's assembly." Opinion in Chile now seems divided fifty-fifty between Marxists and anti-Marxists (with everyone agreeing that *something* must be done); thus Allende is by no means certain of winning such a plebiscite.

And his position shows few signs of improving. The government's new economic measures rely on 25 per cent pay hikes for workers to offset (not halt) inflation; and on massive transfusions of cash from "socialist countries" to finance food imports. The president of the Central Bank has already been to Moscow to beg for

Delicate Subjects

In this sad age, the sick don't blink
At visiting a high-paid shrink.
Good heavens, half the friends I know
Got hooked for psychiatric dough.
In fact, I'm certain I'd feel worse
Without the safety valve of verse.
But I, please notice, don't aspire
To jobs ridiculously higher.

W. H. von Dreele

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money, and, it is said, been turned away. Meanwhile, copper production and domestic food production continue to lag. Allende's range of options is narrowing rapidly.

Senator Ellender, R I P

In the past half decade, Allen Ellender, in an extraordinary access of naïvéte, developed the notion that the Soviet Union was dominated by a bunch of niceguys, and that therefore the entire paraphernalia of the cold war were at least anachronistic, at worst expressions of unprovoked U.S. imperialism. Senator Ellender's eccentricity would not have mattered greatly, but the old gentleman was the head of the Senate's Appropriations Committee, and in that capacity he did what he could to undermine, for instance, U.S. cultural, informational and other activities designed to introduce a little news of the outside world behind the Iron Curtain. In his station, he had to be humored. And would you believe it, poor President Nixon actually had to go to Senator Ellender's home to view his home movies of Russia, which are something like Felix Greene's movies of Red China? Well, he is gone, and his successor is Senator McClellan, whose view of the Soviet Union is not seen through the prisms of his late colleague's home camera. Think of it: Senator William Fulbright head of Foreign Relations, Senator William McClellan head of Appropriations. What do they have in common? Nothing—except Arkansas. Arkansans have it made.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill,

A clinician's impression driving the Bay Area is that the huge majority of McGovern stickers adorn foreign cars.

Come Home America, indeed! Sincerely,

James C. Neely, M.D.
San Francisco, California

■ Gentlemen:

The convincer in my decision to quit buying *NR* was the disgusting appearance of Editor Bill Buckley on TV with his seedy-looking Schickelgruber-Beatnik hairdo and sloppy-collared shirts, along with a retinue of whiney-snively-militant-Sodomite-looking punks. David Susskind had more wholesome looking hangers-on.

I don't know exactly what has gotten into *NR* and Buckley, except that it repels me, or, to use a doper-niggerism—"turns me off."

You convince Buckley to get a non-sloppy haircut, a clean, Perma-Press shirt with a non-comical collar, hire some clean-looking stooges for *Firing Line*, and—above all—cut out the four-letter toilet wall and gutter language in *NR*. And review the sewer output of the assorted media for what it is, rather than as a praiseworthy "Emperor's New Clothes" phenomenon, which identifies you as pseudo-intellectuals.

Until then, I'm not about to go slumming with NATIONAL REVIEW. Sincerely,

John R. Owen
Phoenix, Arizona

Okay, Owen, come on back, we'll use nice clean words, like you do. Cordially. —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

Notes & Asides—July 21: How about that? I didn't know that the word "flagrant" could be qualified! Now all I have to do is to find someone who can explain the difference between "fairly" flagrant and "very" flagrant and I can graduate to the study of the superordination of the idiomatic over the grammatical and all that fancy stuff. Cordially,

Mrs. Donald Sanford
Studio City, California

Dear Mrs. Sanford: You're being pretty flagrant, dear. But we're both having fun. Cordially. —*WFB*

■ Dear Bill:

Can you hum the *Die Meistersinger*?
How about the *Il Trovatore*?
Do you dine at the El Morocco?
Does your column run in the *Le Monde*?

No. Then don't say that Galbraith's theory of redistribution was originally discovered by *the* hoi polloi ("On the Right," July 16, 1972). Even with duplicated articles, I like your articles. Keep up the good work. Sincerely,

Bob Hardwick
Ft. Pierce, Fla.

Dear Mr. Hardwick: Nice. Thanks. And now, if I may, from Fowler: "**hoi polloi**. *These Greek words for the majority, ordinary people, the man in the street, the common herd etc., meaning literally 'the many,' are equally uncomfortable in English whether* the (= hoi) *is prefixed to them or not. The best solution is to eschew the phrase altogether.*" "**Pedantry** *may be defined . . . as the saying of things in language so learned or so demonstratively accurate as to imply a slur upon the generality, who are not capable or not desirous of such displays. The term, then, is obviously a relative one; my pedantry is your scholarship, his reasonable accuracy, her irreducible minimum of education, and someone else's ignorance. It is therefore not very profitable to dogmatize . . . on the subject.*" *Cordially,* —**WFB**

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The Soviet-Egyptian Rift

From the Continent — ERIK V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THE Soviet-Egyptian rift has come, not unexpectedly. Why just now? And what is its significance?

What we see operating here is a certain Arab naïveté. The man in the Cairo street had quickly and unhesitatingly swallowed the official propaganda line about the origin of the state of Israel. The catchword was "imperialism," which has a close affinity to the term "colonialism" and serves as an all-too-simple explanation of the American stand in the Near East.

The creation of Israel, runs the line, was a calculated move on the part of American monopoly-capitalism to cut the Arab world in two: Whoever wants to travel overland from Damascus to Khartoum, or from Algiers to Mecca, or from Beirut to Tripoli can no longer do so without getting stuck at the borders of a hostile Jewish state. The fact that it is a moot question whether the USSR or the United States was the first country to extend official recognition to Israel has been conveniently forgotten.

Actually the Soviet Union, in a way and against its own intentions, played midwife to the nascent state of Israel. After the German collapse in 1945, the refugee camps in Western Europe were filled with Jewish DPs (displaced persons) from Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Lithuania and the USSR. Neither the Americans nor the British gave any thought to the reasons why these Jews had huddled together in miserable camps instead of returning "home." In the mind of the West they figured as victims of Nazism. This had been the case up to May 1945, but now? The Nazis were defeated, the Germans expelled from East Central Europe. Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Rumania had "democratic" governments with, in fact, quite a few Jews in their cabinets.

Talking to the Jewish refugees here in Austria at that time made it evident to me that they had not the slightest desire to return to their former homes. They wanted to go to Palestine.

That was, in many cases, fine with the Soviet Union. From the days of Trotsky and even more so after the purge trials, Soviet authorities had never been too happy with the Jews—whose individualism makes them not particularly adaptable to Marxist collectivism. (As a matter of fact, it is not widely known in the West that during the first months of 1941 many Russian Jews made the ghastly mistake of surrendering to the Germans.)

The early Soviet sympathy for Israel evaporated quickly. For one thing, the Soviets realized that Israel, in spite of its socialist policies, leaned heavily on the support of American Jewry. It also became evident that the Arabs were developing an anti-neocolonialism of their own and, most important of all, that the Arabs, not the Israelis, had the oil wells. The USSR reversed tack and decided to bet on the Arab world. It went into the game with considerable diplomatic shrewdness, and continued it until it reached its psychological and political limits.

THESE LIMITS ARE by no means elastic. The true Russian, we must bear in mind, is a very good psychologist with a penetrating mind and a *shirokaya natura*, a "wide soul." The true *homo sovieticus*, on the other hand, is a bird of a different feather and a minority in Russia. But being the reliable, trusted type (from the Communist point of view), it is he who is sent abroad. He is arrogant, opinionated, aggressive and —foreign currency being allotted to him only in small quantities—stingy (which the real Russian never was), none of which goes down well with the Arabs.

The result was an enormous unpopularity for the ever-growing Russian establishment in Egypt. Everybody remembered the good times when British, American and German tourists flooded the country. Their stony-faced Soviet successors with strange haircuts, overlong coats and suits of poor fabric, under orders not to mix too much with the local population, are simply not liked. They were tolerated as a necessary evil because they were supposed to provide Egypt with the most marvelous aggressive as well as defensive weapons. The average Egyptian believed the Soviets would take almost any risk in order to defeat the American colony in Israel and destroy America's position in the Near East. For this it seemed expedient to swallow one's pride.

In fact, of course, the Soviets were by no means ready to risk an atomic war merely to present the Egyptians with the Sinai peninsula. The unpopularity of such a war in the USSR, which is by no means menaced from that quarter, can hardly be overrated. Moreover, there are other Arab states nearer to the Soviet frontier and more interesting economically, countries like Syria and, above all, Iraq which is on any but good terms with Egypt and the rest of the newly budding Arab Federation.

Thus the demands of President Sadat and Prime Minister Sidky for aggressive weapons fell on deaf ears. Moscow was simply not willing to go whole hog —in a country, moreover, where the Communist Party is still outlawed and where atheism has a very bad name. Every day the Egyptians became more aware that their foreign policy as well as their military options were increasingly determined by another power. Not Cairo, but Moscow would chose the date (if any) for the Holy War.

Hence the demand for the recall of the Soviet experts and advisers (though not of the military instructors). While this step signifies a radical change in the relations between the United Arab Republic and the USSR, it will by no means obliterate the past. The Russians, while retracting one hand, will surely leave the other safely posed on the Nile—taking good care that Egypt does not suddenly go ahead with its war of vengeance without prior consultation. □

Would-Be PR Martyr

Do-it-yourself Diophon tried to crucify
Himself, but found he couldn't bring
it off;
He forgot that for proper apotheosis
You need help from below and above.

RICHARD O'CONNELL

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Come Home, America

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

IT WAS IN LONDON, three years ago, that Senator George McGovern revealed some of his most aggressively left-wing opinions on world affairs.

In 1968, he had been a Methodist delegate to the fourth assembly of the World Council of Churches in Sweden. At that assembly—as so often lately—it was the Americans who led the anti-American clamor over Vietnam, and who demanded more vigorous opposition to the regimes of which they disapproved in Southern Africa.

As a result of his performance there, Senator McGovern was appointed Chairman of the Council's "Consultation on Race," which was held at Notting Hill, in London, in May 1969. Deliberately he allowed the Afro-Asian delegates to take the initiative, in a way that led to the setting up of a "Program To Combat Racism," and, subsequently, to the financial grants made by the World Council of Churches to so-called African "freedom fighters."

On that occasion he said that if all other methods failed, the church must support resistance movements and revolutions to eliminate the "political or economic tyranny which makes racism possible."

The phraseology sounds like an echo of pure Marxist doctrine, although he may not have intended it in quite that sense. The possibility that a man holding such views might soon become President of the United States was gleefully celebrated in the London *Times* by the Reverend Paul Oestreicher, a clergyman who has long been prominent and vocal in his support of left-wing causes. "If McGovern beats the incumbent President," he wrote, "those Christian leaders will have his ear who opposed the war with him, fought hunger (and the big corporations) and tried to get more effective policies against racist regimes like that in Rhodesia. The officers of the National Council of Churches, against whom the White House doors are now firmly shut, will come in from the cold."

Most of Britain's top political commentators were in Miami Beach for the Democratic Party Convention. Some caution has been learned since 1964, when British newspaper and television coverage of the campaign was even more blatantly and virulently anti-Goldwater than the most prejudiced American reporting. But the same liberal bias still shows. Senator McGovern is being presented in a very friendly light. His weaknesses are mentioned, only to be amiably shrugged off—which is not how Barry Goldwater's weaknesses were dealt with.

"My own enthusiasm for McGovern is showing here," wrote one correspondent, "but that's all right. There is yet time for a reporter's skepticism and even cynicism, but it is not now. We, who count ourselves friends of America, have waited a long time for this." The only doubt these enthusiasts felt was whether McGovern could actually win. As Britain's leading liberal newspaper, the *Guardian*, put it in an editorial, "Mr. Nixon unfortunately still remains the favorite."

Less openly committed commentators tried to assess in British terms the significance of what was happening. "We might be witnessing," said a BBC television commentator, "the birth-pangs of an American Labor Party."

Similarities were observed between the performance at Miami and the familiar behavior of the Left in Britain. There was the same fondness—shown by left-wing parties everywhere—for stabbing one another in the back, in the name of universal brotherhood, and the same zeal—regularly manifested in British Labor Party conferences—for binding the leadership to detailed, ideological and electorally embarrassing programs. And there was, of course, the same simple-minded belief that everything anybody wants can be paid for by "soaking the rich" and cutting the defense budget.

Where the similarity breaks down is in the relationship of the party to the feudal barons of organized labor. Whatever else it may be, McGovern's version of the Democratic Party is clearly not going to act as an obedient spokesman for the unions; whereas the British Labor Party is still largely dominated by its trade-union paymasters.

A profounder analogy may lie in the possibility that the Democratic Party will develop into a movement combining leftist intellectuals with special economic interest groups or groups which are, or imagine themselves to be, in various ways "underprivileged"; a party, in other words, of socialists and "have-nots."

If this does happen, the American political system will have lost one of the features which made it seem most enviable to many Europeans—the fact that the two parties had so much in common, and were so little divided on fundamental ideology, that the triumph of one represented no real threat to the supporters of the other. The birth of an American Labor Party is something that any friend of America should regard with profoundest apprehension.

There has, so far, been surprisingly little comment in Britain about what, for America's allies, must surely be the most immediately disturbing aspect of Senator McGovern's program—his pledge to slash America's overseas defense commitments. Only one newspaper, the *London Sunday Telegraph*, pointed out the ominous resemblance of the slogan "Come home, America" to the words scrawled on innumerable walls by avowed enemies of the Western alliance, "Yankee, go home." □

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MR. NIXON'S MIAMI

How come a nice liberal Protestant from Maryland turned out to be Mr. Conservative of '72? A study of how the Vice President operates and why the Left is right to fear him

The Political Odyssey of Spiro T. Agnew

M. STANTON EVANS

FOR MANY American conservatives, the past few years have not been especially happy ones. Although public opinion on various crucial issues has been drifting steadily to the right and the liberal-welfare voting blocs have fallen into disarray, conservatives have yet to realize the political gains which these developments seemed to promise. At a time when a number of spokesmen on the Right expected to savor the fruits of victory and enjoy long-denied political power, they have found themselves on issue after issue quite stunningly repudiated—the cherished positions of weary decades of pain and struggle neatly vaporized in mere months.

Most of this has occurred, of course, at the hands of a Republican Administration elected with the backing of these very conservatives, which has caused the more intransigent among them to seek new options. But looking across the partisan aisle, they see an alternative sufficient to make them blanch with horror: The wraith of George McGovern, risen from a witches' sabbath at Miami Beach, hovers above the once proud keep of the Democracy. Through this particular looking-glass, they find a party that embraces the foreign policy of the radical Left, refuses to turn its back on busing, and takes its forensic pleasure in deciding how, exactly, to word its plank pertaining to homosexual liberation.

Nor is there relief for bitter-enders who might be tempted to cast a protest ballot for Alabama's Governor Wallace who mustered millions of votes in Democratic primaries but was ignored by the masters of the Convention. But Wallace has now said that his wounds and other considerations will prevent his running in the fall. So the choice comes down to a Republican regime which has become increasingly liberal on issues where it was expected to be conservative, and a Democratic challenger so far to port he feels compelled to manhandle Mayor Daley out the back door of the party while admitting Jerry Rubin and the Yippies and God knows what else by the front. Tobias Hobson couldn't have arranged it better.

The good news, however, is as follows: Amidst the general conservative gloom, there has been at least one sizable countervailing development from what was, as recently as three years ago, a rather unexpected source. This is the rise within the Nixon Administration of an increasingly vocal defender of conservative positions—a spokesman, moreover, who in the general scheme of things has reasonable prospects of becoming President of the United States. I refer, of course, to Spiro Agnew, the most outspoken figure in present-day Republican politics and on a general survey the most refreshing thing by far to have emerged from the Republican Convention of 1968. Against the negatives entered on the Nixon ledger, Agnew stands out for conservatives as the principal (but not the only) plus.

Agnew is, however, an unusual conservative champion and one of some complexity, and how he came to occupy the place he holds in the nation's ideological lineup is a bit obscure. He has been described by some critics as "Nixon's Nixon," meaning he handles as a matter of course the hard-nosed debater's job which Nixon used to perform for President Eisenhower. The comparison is superficially just, but really doesn't suggest the nature of the Agnew phenomenon. Nixon, after all, began as a politician whose original constituency was on the Right, and through various ebbs and flows familiar to students of our system has worked his way back toward the center-left. Agnew has done it just the other way around. Starting out as a favorite of the liberal media and a friend to movers and shakers of the Establishment, he has in the space of a relatively brief political sojourn transformed himself into liberalism's Public Enemy Number One.

IF THERE IS any key to understanding Agnew, it is that nearly everything said about him in conventional political discourse is incorrect. There is, to begin with, what is imagined to be the Agnew personality and character—a portrait sketched in 1968 and fleshed out in hues of purported social realism since the fall of 1969. As viewed through the liberal stereopticon, Agnew came upon the national scene as a political buffoon, his utterances on a level with those of Mortimer Snerd or your favorite dizzy blonde. This is the man who says if you've seen one slum you've seen them all, refers to ethnic minorities as "fat Japs" and "Polacks," and beans people with golf balls. Obviously, a wristwatch surrogate for Mickey Mouse, a Middle-American Colonel Blimp.

Since the autumn of 1969, this sketch has been altered by the addition of darker hues. Agnew is still seen as pre-

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posterous, but he is no longer funny. The man originally depicted as clown has grabbed up a truncheon and started maiming the innocent. Once content to play it for laughs, Bottom the Fool has turned on his betters. He has decided to make war on dissent, putting the power of the office so unwisely confided to him behind a sledge-hammer assault on some wonderful kids, politicians who really care and top-flight media professionals who have the guts to tell it like it is. In the words of one critic, he was partially responsible at least for the killings at Kent State; according to another, the personification of racial bigotry; according to yet another, the "most formidable challenge" to freedom of information in the entire history of the United States.

THUS Spiro Agnew as rendered by his critics. And, so far as diligent inquiry can disclose, not a word of it is true. Take the suggestion that Agnew is a klutz who is always putting his foot in his mouth. Anyone who has accepted this description at face value should read the collected Agnew *oeuvre*, listen to him deliver a speech and answer questions, or talk with him for a couple of hours. What emerges from such inspection is the opposite of the usual caricature. It is not merely that Agnew *isn't stupid*, faint praise indeed, but that he is so obviously a man of high intelligence, far above the norm for his profession. It would be difficult to match the Agnew performance, on purely intellectual grounds, with the utterances of any other major politician of the present day—and this irrespective of whether one agrees or disagrees with what Agnew is saying.

As for Agnew the wild man, hurling epithets and chewing the carpet, nothing could be farther from reality. The principal impression derived from observing Agnew up close is one of almost glacial calm, of self-possession bordering on lassitude. This is true in platform delivery and in conversation alike. It is commonly a shock for those who have read about Agnew speeches or seen selected phrases in the headlines to hear him give an address in person. His delivery is a study in modulation; his voice seldom rises, his emphases are mild to the point of muffling applause lines, his manner downright professorial. The partisan epithets and jokes, the alliterations which sound so racy when quoted, are usually stitched with care into a fabric of well-developed argument and extensive documentation.

In personal appearance, Agnew must qualify as the most unruffled man in American politics. The cartoonists like to show him as heavyset, but he is in fact rather slender, erect in bearing and impressively tall. His personal appearance is impeccable: perfectly tailored clothes, no hair out of place, everything in studied order. Agnew either has enormous poise born of conscious striving, or else a natural serenity in action. I tend to think it may be the latter, a quality reportedly recognized by Nixon in selecting his running-mate.

Agnew is hailed as the quintessential Middle American: second-generation citizen of Greek ancestry, put himself through law school, decorated veteran of World War II, political product of suburbia. His tastes all seem to fit the pattern, too: ping-pong in the basement, hi-fi in the living-room, civic joiner, season tickets to watch the Colts. And of course there are all those utterances in defense of verities that Middle America holds dear. Yet the total picture is different. There is, for one thing, the Agnew reserve; it is hard to imagine him as a back-slapping, hail-fellow-well-met, or putting on his chinos and having a few beers out on the back porch. Maybe the private Agnew does these things, but the public one is, somehow, *aristocratic*, using that term in a thoroughly non-pejorative sense. For a "Middle-American" type, Agnew comes over as a cool and cerebral customer.

Agnew's political record doesn't fit the Neanderthal image or the picture of Agnew as white suburbia incarnate. His political alignment in Baltimore County, the state of Maryland and in national Republican politics generally prior to his rise to eminence was on the liberal, not the conservative, side of things. Agnew scrapped with conservatives in the Republican organization before, during and after his election as Baltimore County executive in 1962. While he held that office, his record was most usually described in the liberal media as "progressive." And when he ran for

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governor in 1966, he won the fervent support of liberals against his maverick Democrat opponent, George Mahoney. The policy stands he took would not have appealed to Middle America's supposed phobia over race.

Indeed, if information about Agnew were confined to recent charges of alleged bigotry, it would be impossible to guess the nature of his Maryland record. As county executive, for instance, Agnew presided over the integration of an amusement park (very controversial), established a Human Relations Council with considerable powers in virtually every department of civic life, and saw to the adoption of a public accommodations bill. In his campaign for governor, Agnew's most famous disagreement with Mahoney was over "open housing," Agnew in favor and Mahoney opposed. As governor, Agnew secured the enactment of a modified "open housing" bill, and later expressed his support for an even tougher one.

Agnew had a liberal record as well on matters other than civil rights. Most notably, as county executive he promoted a controversial federal urban-renewal project (defeated in a referendum), and as governor he pushed through a major statewide tax increase. In terms of political affiliation, his connections were chiefly with the liberal Republicans. In 1963 he backed California's extremely liberal Senator Thomas Kuchel as the Republican nominee for '64. Thereafter he backed William Scranton, and had some predictably critical things to say about Barry Goldwater. Up to the spring of 1968, he was the leading advocate of drafting Nelson Rockefeller.

This liberal background is recited with apparent relish by Joseph Albright in an abrasive but informative review of the Agnew career (*What Makes Spiro Run?*, Dodd, Mead). Albright recalls in particular the 1966 campaign against Mahoney: "From the *New York Times*, the Americans for Democratic Action and the Rabbinical Association came frantic endorsements [of Agnew]. In the earnest living-rooms of Bethesda and Chevy Chase, liberal Democrats were ready to enshrine Agnew in their pantheon. On the last Sunday before election, dozens of black ministers in Baltimore preached for Agnew from their pulpits." When Agnew departed the governor's office, Albright observes, the *Washington Post* said that though the bumpiest part of the gubernatorial road still lay before him, "he goes with a record that, on balance, marks him as one of the better governors in modern times. . . ."

THIS RECORD should be kept in mind when reading denunciations of Agnew for bigotry and for catering to the nameless fears of white America. Whatever one's assessment of the stands he took in Maryland (I, for one, disagree with most of them on philosophic grounds), there is not a shred of evidence to suggest he has a racist bone in his body. His performance at the state and county level was that of the moderate-liberal reformer, with his liberal leanings most pronounced on matters of racial discrimination. That background is of special importance in assessing what seems in retrospect the most decisive period of his career—a turbulent span of three short weeks in the early spring of 1968.

At that epoch Agnew's political affairs on two different fronts were heading toward a fateful conjunction. In matters of Republican intraparty politics, he had as noted been the principal Rockefeller-for-President advocate, and had in fact become the national chairman of a committee to achieve just that. But Rockefeller was playing an intricate off-again, on-again game, and Agnew got caught in one of the switching maneuvers. At a public session in Annapolis, March 21, Agnew had the unhappy experience of learning via television that his man wasn't running for President after all (although, of course, he really *was* running), and having a press corps on hand to record his discomfiture. That experience soured him on Rockefeller and shook him up.

AT JUST ABOUT the same time, Agnew confronted a series of interlocking race-related crises. On March 25, 1968, students took over the administration building at a Negro college in Maryland. Agnew took a "tough" line; there were more student protests and the college was closed. In the midst of all this came the assassination of Martin Luther King, a wave of riots across the nation, and an outbreak of violence in Baltimore. That sequence set the stage for the episode which was in effect to make Agnew Vice President of the United States—his meeting on April 11 with a hundred of Maryland's Negro leaders.

It would be hard to imagine a more dramatic confrontation. In the wake of a national orgy of riot, as politicians scrambled to placate and absolve the demonstrators, Agnew astonished everyone but his closest aides by reading the

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Negro leaders, almost literally, the riot act. Turning a deaf ear to all extenuations, Agnew demanded that these leaders condemn the "madness of the twin priests of violence," H. Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael. The Negro leaders were stunned, and many of them walked out. Politicians must have been equally nonplussed, since Agnew's talk was almost exactly the reverse of the approach employed in other statehouses across the nation, so different from the political norm that it thrust him into a brief, prophetic celebrity.

Because the Annapolis meeting turned out to be pivotal, some Agnew critics have suggested his motive all along was self-serving. That explanation is difficult to credit. If Agnew saw political gain in his assault on the militants and charge to the moderates that they act responsibly, he must be accounted the most prescient political operator in the United States. Just about everybody else was bending over backward to blame urban violence on white injustice, poverty and three hundred years of slavery. But not Agnew.

As it happened, Agnew's complaint was perfectly valid. Brown and Carmichael had been preaching violence and race hate, and Brown had urged riot the previous summer in Cambridge, Maryland—and a riot did in fact take place. Not long before Agnew's showdown with the moderates, a CORE leader had attacked the Baltimore police as "the enemy of the black community," and had been rebuked for his remarks by a black moderate. The upshot of this exchange was that militants and moderates had agreed not to indulge in public recriminations. Agnew had been watching these events unfold over a period of months, and had come down hard on incendiary spokesmen during the summer of '67, asserting that "it shall now be the policy of this state immediately to arrest any person inciting to riot and not to allow that person to finish his vicious speech."

While all of this has been treated as a momentous "change" in Agnew traceable to deep political motives, the available data suggest a simpler and more plausible explanation—namely, that Agnew's position was exactly what he said it was. He was as much for civil rights as ever; but he was opposed to violence and those who made alibis for it. He saw nothing incompatible in the two positions and was astonished that others should think support for civil rights required a see-no-evil attitude toward the likes of Brown and Carmichael. The distinction is obvious enough, of course, and many others could see it as easily as Agnew. The difference was that he not only saw it but decided to say something about it—and did so directly to the people whose leadership could blunt the influence of the Browns and Carmichaels.

The episode disclosed a streak of iron in Agnew which had been concealed beneath the liberal raiment, a toughness which owed as much to some personal quality of resolve under stress as to a developed philosophical position. There are a lot of people, after all, who are against violence, and against the apologists who try to explain it away; but how many of those people will walk into a roomful of civil-rights leaders and spell it out in just so many words? How many conservative spokesmen in America, one week after the assassination of Martin Luther King, were ready to seize *that* particular nettle? I know I wasn't; Agnew was.

In this axial period we find the origins of what has become the Agnew style—his increasing hostility to the Eastern Establishment, and his preoccupation with the problem of order in an age of disappearing standards. Indeed, these themes are so prominent in Agnew's public discourse it is reasonable to believe the events of March and April 1968 did more than rearrange the field of political forces in which he found himself. It seems quite likely they made a profound impression on Agnew's own political thinking. In politics, there is no more powerful instinct than the sense of betrayal—and Agnew had reason to think he was betrayed twice over: first by Rockefeller, then by the Negro moderates who refused to censure the advocates of violence. Agnew felt he had been let down hard by people he considered allies—liberals who, in the hour of crisis, refused to take a stand. Such experiences are not soon or easily forgotten, and Agnew in his subsequent battlings has had many fresh occasions to remember.

Agnew's struggle with the "radical liberals" on campus and off, and his duel-to-the-death with the liberal media, are by now such bromides of American politics that it would be pointless to delve at length into their history. It is worth observing, however, the many similarities between these confrontations and the events of 1968. There is, first of all, a like compression of the time-scale, although in this case it was not a matter of coincidence. Agnew's double assault on the marchers and the media occurred in the space of less than a month in October and November of 1969, in tempo with the Vietnam "Moratoria" which were the big domestic news of the day. It was in New Orleans on October 19 that Agnew coined the phrase "an effete corps of impudent snobs" to characterize certain of the self-styled intellectuals who abetted the marchers. And he went on to point out that the Moratorium demonstrations, although drawing upon a multitude of innocents, were being orchestrated by people who refused to disassociate themselves from the war objectives of Hanoi.

Most of the attention given this speech has revolved around the "impudent snobs," and what Agnew meant by that assertion. What registered with me, however, was not that phrase, but the manner in which Agnew, in this address and other remarks of the time, plowed head-on into the Moratorium business and exposed it for what it really was. Again, the quality of political courage is arresting. Massive tides of emotion were running then, and most political leaders were saying little or nothing in direct reproach to the marchers. With few exceptions, even the most conservative tiptoed around the October Moratorium, praising its sponsors for "peaceful" intentions, begging the wonderful kids to take it easy, and not for a second mentioning that sponsors of the event were working hand in glove with Marxists and others in various degrees of sympathy with Hanoi.

Even more significant than Agnew's valor was the intellectual labor undertaken in this speech. Agnew delivered a series of addresses in October and November devoted to the Moratoria, the mentality they expressed, and the response of the liberal media to that mentality. These addresses all dealt in one fashion or another with the observed facts of violence and sedition, and the refusal of the liberal mind in certain of its modulations to call such actions by their proper name. But the speeches were more than an empirical review; they were an effort to get at the

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why of the situation, and it is that dimension which made them so unusual. The thing that strikes one in reading these speeches is that they actually *say something*, and say it with a reflective subtlety that one would never guess from the manner in which they are treated. Consider, for example, the opening passages of the "impudent snobs" address:

> Sometimes it appears that we are reaching a period when our senses and our minds will no longer respond to moderate stimulation. We seem to be approaching an age of the gross. Persuasion through speeches and books is too often discarded for disruptive demonstrations aimed at bludgeoning the unconvinced into action.
>
> The young, and by this I don't mean by any stretch of the imagination all the young, but I'm talking about those who claim to speak for the young, at the zenith of physical power and sensitivity, overwhelm themselves with drugs and artificial stimulants. Subtlety is lost, and fine distinctions based on acute reasoning are carelessly ignored in a headlong jump to a predetermined conclusion. Life is visceral rather than intellectual, and the most visceral practitioners of life are those who characterize themselves as intellectuals.
>
> Truth to them is "revealed" rather than logically proved, and the principal infatuations of today revolve around the social sciences, those subjects which can accommodate any opinion and about which the most reckless conjecture cannot be discredited.

Whatever one thinks of this particular mentality or Agnew's distaste for it, there can be little question that he has described it correctly—in terms not too different, except for the evaluation, from those Charles Reich would ride to glory on the following year. This is hardly the stump speech of a political hatchetman, nor the cry of a Neanderthal. I doubt very much if anything of comparable substance and discernment has been uttered in recent years by any major spokesman for the political Left, almost all of whom devote themselves to the repetition of clichés and not to their analysis (*vide* in this respect the tissue of banalities of which George McGovern delivered himself in his acceptance at Miami Beach). The uproar about the "impudent snobs"—who appear in the passage immediately following those we have quoted—has completely obscured the powerful argument Agnew was attempting to convey.

The pattern has been pretty well repeated with respect to Agnew's other speeches. Over the past three years he has dealt with many of the usual public topics—defense, Vietnam as such, the FBI, domestic programs of the Administration and so on. All of this is quite normal for Vice Presidents, and while some of these speeches are rather good they consist for the most part in recitations of the Nixon Administration line. What is noteworthy, however, is the number of addresses he has given on intellectual and educational issues, and the number of times he has woven these matters into more conventional political utterances—"Consciousness III," behaviorism, ethical relativism, the significance of the drug culture, the fallacy of educational quotas, black studies programs and countless other such subjects. For a working politician, this is a well-nigh incredible performance—a wide-ranging effort to grapple with the intellectual and philosophic causes of the present disorder and to urge correction at the source.

Rather than meeting Agnew on the issues he has raised, his critics have simply yelled "repression," red-flagging his punch lines and ignoring all the rest. This is instructive but not particularly surprising, since there is little reason to suppose a political philosophy premised on rejection of rational argument can be made to yield to rational argument. Liberal orthodoxy in America, to survive at all, has become a closed system of emotional responses, fairly impervious to logical penetration. It is true that Agnew has given several hostages to fortune with his "impudent snobs" and "tomentose exhibitionists," but the manner in which his critics have ignored or distorted his other utterances does not suggest that, in the absence of these phrases, his message would have come through undistorted. On the contrary, on the total record it seems more likely Agnew's views would not have come through at all.

The outcry generated by the New Orleans speech was as nothing, of course, compared to the reaction that greeted Agnew's November statement in Des Moines. Here he was tackling not merely the marchers and the college leftists, but the single most powerful private institution in America—the three television networks which among them play an enormous role in shaping and directing the attitudes of the American people, promoting issues and causes, elevating or destroying candidates. Again, a major test of political machismo. It was the kind of battle a few other spokesmen had attempted on a fugitive basis, without much success. Indeed, there is virtually no one in American politics who has tangled openly with the big liberal media and survived to tell the tale. The political landscape is strewn with the carcasses of those—like Robert Taft and Barry Goldwater—who have run afoul of the major media and tried, however fitfully, to battle back.

The reason for this history of failure is obvious enough—a variation of the philosophical problem of impossible beginnings. How, after all, do you communicate the message that the instruments of communication are not to be trusted? Anyone who attempts to convey that particular sentiment to the public confronts the difficulty that the people he is criticizing are the people who determine what the public shall hear. So long as the premises remain as stated, the battle is impossible on the face of it. From Agnew's standpoint he had confronted just this dilemma in his utterances in the '68 campaign, his critique of the Moratorium marchers, his analysis of the "youth" phenomenon, the issue of Vietnam. His Des Moines speech was an attempt to cut the Gordian knot.

WE ARE TOLD this particular speech was a piece of White House strategy and that Agnew was a rather reluctant agent of Nixon's policy. He is quoted as saying that "after this speech, I might as well give up. I can never run again. The media will kill me." If that was indeed his feeling, the fact remains that he attacked the problem with customary zeal, and that his strategy, in considerable measure, worked. The word was given out that his Des Moines address was to be of major importance, and of special interest to the media. Advance texts were delivered, which concluded with a virtual Agnew challenge to put the speech on the air. The result was that Agnew delivered for a full half-hour in prime time, over all three networks, a searching critique of the networks themselves. He thereby managed, for a time, to communicate his dissatisfaction with the communicators.

Agnew's argument on this occasion was simple enough.

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In essence, he said the networks in their news reporting and analysis shared a pervasive bias. Each was staffed by members of the Eastern Establishment, whose views are nurtured and reinforced by reading the same publications and by other intellectual inbreeding. Their outlook is atypical of American opinion generally, although they constantly act upon and attempt to shape that opinion in their own image. The result is that a "tiny fraternity," elected by no one and acting in service to a specific ideological interest, has the immense power of deciding what the American people should know, promoting some causes and ignoring others, building up some candidates and tearing others down, all with a demonstrated bias toward the liberal-Left, the far-out radicals and the marchers.

Such was Agnew's argument. As with his statements on the demonstrators themselves and the distress of the universities, one may judge it right or wrong, agree with parts of it and disagree with others, deny his essential point or acknowledge it, conclude that his empirical observations were correct but his analysis mistaken—within the framework of legitimate debate one may do any or all of these things as a perfectly normal and rational method of coping with Agnew's statements. None of these options was chosen, however, by the principal spokesmen for America's liberal community.

What these spokesmen did instead was to send up a deafening cry of "censorship." Agnew, they said, was attempting to intimidate the media into compliance with the policies of the Administration, halt all honest criticism of our strategy in Vietnam, and impose a kind of fascist thought control over the dissemination of news. None of which had any remote connection to what he had actually said. Only rarely was there acknowledgement of Agnew's central charge—that the networks were overwhelmingly biased in the liberal direction and that this bias was reflected in the way they handled the news. And when the point was acknowledged, it was immediately buried in irrelevancies and appeals to emotion considerably more devious than Agnew's rather straightforward complaint.

One media spokesman, for example, professed perfect bafflement at what a "liberal" was; he hadn't the foggiest notion of what Agnew was talking about. Another affirmed the ideal of media impartiality, and swore that the networks were serving that ideal. Yet another suggested that impartiality was impossible, and that the best the public could hope for was to depend upon the judgment of skilled professionals (like himself). Perhaps the most persistent of these responses was the analogy of The Messenger: the contention that Agnew and others of his ilk don't want to hear "bad news," and like the kings of old expressed their wrath by slaying the honest messenger who brought tidings of defeat. This little parable must be mandatory learning in certain journalism schools, so often is it repeated. It has a nice resonance, but is completely immaterial and irrelevant as an answer to Agnew—since his argument was precisely that the messenger in the case was not being honest, was bringing not true intelligence but false, and that this particular false intelligence often as not was supposedly "good" as opposed to "bad" because it concealed the true dangers and difficulties which confronted the nation (e.g., the real character of the Moratoria). That his opponents have found themselves reduced to so fatuous a defense would seem to confirm the Agnew charges instead of refuting them. It is a plea of *nolo contendere*.

The public response to Agnew's charges was interesting in several respects. By unanimous estimate, the calls, wires and letters that came in not only to Agnew but to television stations around the country were heavily in Agnew's favor —prompting Harriet Van Horne and others to lament the "regrettably large number of Americans who support Mr. Agnew's views." Equally indicative, Agnew's personal ratings in the popularity polls took a sizable movement upward. Thus in November of '69, according to the Harris Poll, Agnew's "excellent" or "pretty good" performance rating stood at 40 per cent, compared to 42 per cent who rated him "only fair" or "poor." By February of 1970, however, his "excellent" or "pretty good" rating had increased to 47 per cent, the highest point it was to reach in the succeeding eighteen months.

Such public affirmation suggested that Agnew's ploy had worked; by reaching the public directly and without filtration, he got a favorable reception for his message. It was apparent that many people out there were conscious of a media problem, were unhappy in some fashion with the steady diet they were receiving, and more than ready to voice their opinion when Agnew asked them to put it to a vote. Since then, however, Agnew has been subject to the more routine procedures of reportage—his message imparted to the public in such snippets and gobbets as the media

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choose to pass along. In that guise he came over once again as the wild-swinging Neanderthal, and his popularity ratings went back down (only 35 per cent giving him "excellent or pretty good" as of August '71). This process was particularly notable in the campaign of 1970.

If the fall of '69 was Agnew's Rubicon, the fall of '70 was widely believed to be his Waterloo. Despite some solid gains in certain areas—New York, Tennessee, and Agnew's own state of Maryland—the election was not, on the whole, a Republican success. And since Agnew had been the principal campaigner for the GOP, responsibility for this outcome was focused in considerable measure on him. The Republicans of '70, went the argument, had run a hard-line, "conservative," Agnew-style campaign, and laid a bomb. Therefore it was concluded that conservatism à la Agnew was discredited, the Nixon Administration "lowered its voice," and the President in 1971 embarked upon some of his more notable liberal initiatives—"I am a Keynesian in economics"—bigger deficits, wage and price controls, rapprochement with Peking etc.

From the public record this rendering of Administration motives seems accurate enough, for the zigzag suggested did in fact become pronounced in the wake of the '70 balloting. But it doesn't follow that the Administration's reading was the proper one. For it was apparent at the time and has become even plainer since that the election of '70 was not in fact conducted on "conservative" grounds, if by that word one means to imply a comprehensive challenge to the underlying premises of liberal government. Rather than making such a challenge, the Nixon Administration chose to run its campaign almost entirely on a single issue—the question of law and order and permissiveness toward rioters and criminals. Other issues, particularly matters of economic policy, were rigidly subordinated to this theme.

SUCH AN approach had been recommended that year in a book called *The Real Majority*, by Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg. These authors argued that the American people were essentially liberal on economic issues, but conservative on "the social issue"—meaning crime, urban unrest, campus riots and the like. The indicated course for aspiring office-seekers was to be the same, and this was in essence the formula adopted by the Nixon Administration. Whether the White House actually studied this volume in detail (it is virtually certain it was read there), the campaign of '70 fitted its prescription to a "t." The problem was that the thesis was glaringly and self-evidently wrong. While the American people are in fact concerned about law and order, they are also concerned about the rising cost of government, taxes and inflation, and a Republican campaign which fails to meet these *economic* issues is doomed to almost certain disappointment.

Agnew was squarely in the middle of all this—the Administration's chief protagonist on "the social issue." And there seems little question that he was damaged at least temporarily by the result, although how much of the strategy was of his devising and how much dictated from above is a matter of conjecture. There have been stories indicating he was not especially pleased with the battering-ram function assigned to him, and he surely cannot be happy with the interpretations which thereby turned the election into a kind of referendum on his outlook and campaigning power. We know on the one hand that President Nixon himself favored this approach, and personally took the campaign trail to promote it; we know on the other that this particular stress is compatible with Agnew's general record of moderate liberalism on many domestic issues and hard-line stance on questions of disorder.

BE THAT as it may, it is important to stress that the '70 election with its rather ambiguous outcome was not a defeat for conservatism or, in so far as Agnew was carrying the conservative banner, for the Vice President. The law-and-order message he carried to the public was not in the least unpopular; quite the contrary, from the Republican standpoint it was much *too* popular and too obviously so. Precisely because it was so overwhelmingly in keeping with the sentiments of the people, the Democrats moved early and decisively to drape themselves in the mantle of effective law enforcement, and thus succeeded in neutralizing the issue upon which the GOP staked nearly everything. The problem for Republicans was that they did not project an economic position that could appeal to public anxieties on taxes, welfare, big government and inflation. The lesson for the Republican future is thus not less conservatism, but a good deal more.

There remains, of course, the question of Agnew's own conservatism. Is he, judged on his total record, a conservative, a liberal or something in between? John Coyne, a bright young conservative, an Agnew speech writer and author of a valuable survey of Agnew's tussle with the media (*The Impudent Snobs*, Arlington House), observes that "many conservative Agnew partisans, of whom I am one, have noticed what we believe to be a distinct coolness between the Vice President and many conservative spokesmen. . . . some of us believe that there is a tendency among members of the responsible Right to keep pro-Agnew sentiments well under wraps, almost as if for some complicated reason it has been decided that he just can't be considered a full-fledged member of the family." Coyne's concern is understandable, but on a review of Agnew's total record so is a degree of caution on the part of conservatives. The result is mixed, and perhaps the best way of approaching it is to consider Agnew's position on separate issues.

How conservative is Agnew? In matters of limited government, market economy and planning for social improvement, the honest response would be "not very." He has held forth frequently on the virtues of free enterprise, of course, but examination of the particulars suggests he means by this something rather different from what conservatives in general have meant. One wishes the Veep could counsel more with Prof. Milton Friedman (whom he quotes to good effect) or, that matter, with Murray Rothbard. His faith in governmental and/or establishmentarian top-down solutions, in any event, has exceeded that which conservatives generally have been willing to extend—although in his more recent statements there have been indications of change toward a stronger market orientation. On the whole, one would not rate Agnew's position on matters of domestic economy as conservative.

In matters of foreign policy, the Agnew conservative rating goes up a bit—although here the reading is necessarily obscured by his allegiance to Nixon and the fact that he is

(Continues on page 914)

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A FABLE . . .

. . . of the Black Whites and the White Blacks

JOHN KEEFAUVER

It was during the time when, in order to wipe out racial prejudice once and for all, all Whites and Blacks in the land were wearing specially tinted glasses that made, to a White, a Black appear white and made, to a Black, a White appear black.

Additionally, the special glasses made Whites appear white to Whites and made Blacks appear black to Blacks. Therefore, when a White looked at a White or a Black looked at a Black through the glasses, neither White nor Black knew if he were looking at a White or at a Black.

One day one White, who never had liked wearing glasses in the first place and who, in his pre-glasses days, had been very, very prejudiced against Blacks in the second place, said the hell with it, took off his glasses, and threw them away. At once all the Blacks he looked at looked black. At first the White was happy because it allowed him once again to enjoy his prejudice, which he had missed for some time now. But the trouble was that nowadays the rest of the Whites were no longer prejudiced, because they wore special glasses, and so when the one White let the other Whites know about his new-found prejudice, he was very much disliked by all the other Whites. So the White who had thrown away his glasses decided to get another pair so that *he* wouldn't be an object of prejudice himself to the other Whites.

So he hurried to the Official Glass Maker, who happened to be a Black. Since he wasn't wearing glasses, the White's ferocious prejudice lashed out until it was fully visible to the Black, who didn't like it one bit, especially in this day and age of non-prejudice via the special glasses. So the Glass Maker, surreptitiously and with a concealed chuckle, made the White a pair of glasses that, instead of making Blacks white, made Blacks blacker.

Therefore when the White put on his new glasses the next day when they were delivered, every Black he looked at looked blacker, and the White became even more prejudiced than he had been before. And more disliked by both the Whites and the Blacks and therefore more unhappy—which the sly Glass Maker had foreseen.

Thus the White, muttering, "This will never do," hurried back to the Official Glass Maker and in rude, boorish and prejudiced words, registered a strong complaint and a demand for another pair of glasses, which to the Glass Maker made him seem even more contemptible. So the Glass Maker, with another concealed chuckle and with the intention of making this no good White's life even more difficult, and deservedly so, made him another pair of glasses. With the new pair, when the White looked at a Black, the Black looked yellow.

Now, the White had never been prejudiced against Yellows, so when he looked at a Black and he was yellow, the White didn't feel prejudiced against the Black because he was yellow. The White felt prejudiced against the Black *even though* he was yellow. He knew that the yellow man had to be a Black because, God knows, no White would ever be yellow and, besides, he knew that there weren't any Yellows in his part of the country.

Therefore, even though he suspected by now that something was very screwy about his glasses, he remained prejudiced against all Blacks, who had somehow turned yellow—the whole unprincipled lot of them! And, of course, as a result he was still disliked by the Whites, the Blacks, and now by the Yellows, because when the Yellows heard about the prejudiced White they, not knowing that he was actually prejudiced against yellow Blacks, thought he was prejudiced against yellow Yellows.

So back to the Official Glass Maker the disliked White hurried and, in wrathful voice, demanded that the Maker make him a correct pair of glasses. The Glass Maker, still enjoying his game, then made him a pair that made a Black look one-third white, one-third black and one-third yellow, and that made a White look one-third black, one-third white, and one-third yellow.

When the White tried on his new glasses for the first time and saw everybody thirded-up, he, nearly going out of his mind, went to live in a cave, and would have spent the rest of his miserable life there except that in the darkness of it he began to lose his eyesight, or thought that he was. So bawling and shrieking, he burst out of the cave and ran to the Official Glass Maker where, dropping to his muddy knees, he begged him to make him a correct pair of glasses.

The Glass Maker, observing the tears streaming out of the White's terror-stricken eyes and noting the abject surrender of the pitiful, prejudiced White, finally made him a correct pair of glasses, one which made Blacks appear white but allowed, to a White, Whites to stay white. And when the White put them on, sure enough all Blacks looked white once again.

Which the White was very, very thankful for, indeed—but not for long. Because since he had worn so many kinds of glasses which he had come to distrust, he was unable to believe in the correct glasses he now wore. When he looked at a Black who looked white, he didn't know if he were really a Black but just looked white or if he were really a White—*and he felt he had to know which the person really was.*

So from that time on the White couldn't be sure of anything and led a very neurotic and miserable life.

Please select the moral of your choice:

1. You can have your certainty and eat it, too, but be sure you don't take off your rose-tinted glasses, especially if you aren't on good terms with your Maker.

2. You can have your prejudice but it will eat you, too.

3. Girls, or any other sex, for that matter, don't make passes at men who don't wear glasses. □

John Keefauver is a former newspaper man who has chronicled the adventures of Henry Littlefinger in these pages.

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LETTER FROM STOCKHOLM

Environment à Go-Go

ERIC BRODIN

It was probably too much to expect, but one hoped the UN Conference on the Environment in Stockholm would have had some concrete results. But the conference became a political free-for-all between the industrial and the underdeveloped nations, and a forum in which to condemn America.

Perhaps the vastness of the problems and the inadequately worked out agenda were responsible. The problems were legion, but little discrimination was used for deciding the priority of questions. Some nations were concerned with overpopulation. (Not China; its chief delegate, Minister of Fuel Supply Tang Ke, said: "Population increases constitute no danger either to productivity or the environment.") When Argentina made a proposal it was violently opposed by Brazil. Madame Gandhi, in Sweden on a state visit, proposed a total ban on nuclear tests (which China and France opposed). Guinea wanted South Vietnam thrown out; the Chinese went Guinea one better and called for the ouster of South Korea as well. Tanzania called for a condemnation of apartheid as part of the final declaration of the conference.

The biggest guns of the convention were brought out for the condemnation of the United States. To the surprise of everyone (including the Swedish delegation), Prime Minister Olof Palme provided the opening shot in his "welcoming" speech to the conference, with a blast at that unnamed (by him) nation that was staging "environmental genocide" in Vietnam. This politicization of the conference was especially surprising as the conference chairmen Ingemund Bengtsson and Christer Wickman, both Swedish cabinet ministers, had said the Vietnam war was not a proper subject for a conference on the environment. The largest Swedish newspaper, *Dagens Nyheter*, admonished the Prime Minister: "When governments from separate camps come together to work out agreements on a series of practical problems they would do well to avoid airing ideological or moral controversies, which are only peripheral to the questions under discussion."

Mr. Brodin is Geneva correspondent for To the Point, *the new newsweekly of South Africa.*

To be sure there were *some* concrete results. The committee charged with the protection of flora and fauna agreed to the adoption of fourteen separate recommendations. (This success may have been due to the fact that only 41 of the 114 participating countries were present when they were passed.) Another apparently concrete

result was the passing of the Swedish proposal to set up a permanent council on environmental problems in Geneva; a council to which the United States generously pledged $40 million.

The difficulties, especially in the closing days, came in large part from the recalcitrance, and even obscurities, in the Chinese position, which left other delegates confused about what it was the Chinese really wanted. They did manage to make themselves very clear about one thing, however: They demanded that the United States be condemned outright for its international activities, not only in Vietnam, but "in Asia, Africa and Latin America since the Second World War."

There was a great deal of concurrent activity in Stockholm. Groups of so-called eco-freaks sponsored programs, lectures, picnics, exhibits, happenings and demonstrations (one of which featured a huge image of a whale). In two-days' time, for example, programs were sponsored on such diverse topics as "African Liberation Movements," "Japanese Quicksilver Poisoning," "Peoples' Techniques in China," and the Ralph Nader-ish "Capitalism and Environmental Destruction."

At an unused airport some miles outside of Stockholm, eco-freaks and their kindred gathered three hundred strong. (Swedish authorities, expecting more, had provided 175 military tents capable of housing 1,750.) The counterconference participants declared their opposition to the "capitalist spectacle" in the city, but were unable to say what they themselves wanted. Perhaps it was not so important after all. They got free food (mostly uncontaminated vegetables) distributed by the itinerant California commune, the Hog Farm (cooked in ten Swedish army field-kitchens). Their toilets, in the best environmental protection tradition, were cleaned out for them twice a day; they could walk nude through the fields of dandelions if they so desired and listen to rock concerts at night while smoking grass. All for a dollar a week.

What else is there to say of the Stockholm Conference on the Environment? The small nations blamed the large and/or industrial nations for the destruction of the environment, and asked for more foreign aid. The delegates, while often disappointed, made the best of the summer weather, and even got around on the gleaming white bicycles provided by their hosts. One Moroccan saw the conference as a "declaration of the death of the environment." Perhaps the results will turn out to be permanent, although it would appear that the most permanent and concrete accomplishment of the conference was the creation of yet another staff of international bureaucrats to occupy yet another building around the Palais de Nations in Geneva. □

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BOOKS

Seeking the Tap Root

The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics
By Michael Novak
Macmillan, 321 pp., $7.95

NATHAN GLAZER

This is not an easy book to review or characterize, and any brief attempt will not do it justice. Michael Novak, a liberal or radical Catholic writer, has written eight books and two novels. This is his eleventh. I have read in some of the earlier books, and I gather both from that sampling and from the emotional tone of this one, that this is the first time he writes, not as a liberal or radical Catholic alone, but as a "white ethnic."

The term is terrible: Michael Novak is an American of Slovak descent, and the term exists and alas will probably live—just as WASP has—because it refers to a reality: in this case immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe and their descendants, excluding however the Jews among them. Why should Poles, Hungarians, Rumanians, Czechs, Slovaks, Italians, etc. form in any sense a unity (another truly horrible acronym shows up in this book, PIGS, for Poles, Italians, Greeks, Slavs)? This is a good question and one could give good answers. But they are not simple. Is it that these groups are all Catholic? Not quite—some are Protestant or Eastern Orthodox. Is it that they are all working class? Not quite. Is it that they are all of only middling and struggling status, neither the very poor nor the truly prosperous? Perhaps that comes closer.

In any case, Michael Novak speaks as someone who has become aware of his ethnic background and as a spokesman for these elements, whom he sees as being in an ambiguous position, better off than the Negroes and the other official "minority" groups, not as well off—in income, power and prestige—as the white Anglo-Saxon Protestants, or other Northern European Protestants, or Jews, or even Irish. And from both sides and the mass media they hear moralizing criticism as "racists," and as people not with it in America.

Michael Novak thinks they have more in common with the official minorities than with the better-off groups, and proposes practical political alliances with them. But that seems to be his head speaking. From his heart, it is very hard to see just what they have in common with the official minorities, now the beneficiaries of special government assistance. That alone puts the ethnics off.

But also putting them off is the distinctive culture of these groups as Novak tries to evoke it in contrast with WASP culture, on the one hand, and Jewish, on the other. Here I think he is quite perceptive. He emphasizes the contrast between the family-centered and rather immobile East European ethnic groups with the Puritan insistence on the primacy of the individual, ideally free of all primordial ties—in particular those of family and kin—which would tie him down, physically, socially, morally. The contrast with the Jews is in a way more interesting. They share something with the other East European ethnic groups, and something with the white Protestants. Mobile and successful, they nevertheless maintain family connections in ways not dissimilar from the East European ethnics. But since their success is based on an attack on all traditional ties and values, this makes their style very different indeed from the white ethnic style. There is no full contrast in this book with the blacks. That may be a defect.

I suspect I have imposed more order on the book than it possesses. One of its virtues and defects is that it is so wide-ranging and so contemporary. Novak seems to have read everything and gotten it all into his book. I was amazed to see a long reference to an article I published in September 1971 in a book published April 20, 1972. I con-

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cede his publisher may work very fast, but I will insist Novak works faster than most writers of his quality and ambition. But this has its costs, and there are contradictions—if not direct, at least in effect—that are not ironed out, and that may reflect the specific moment of writing. Thus, at the beginning Novak is quite down on American culture and society for stripping the ethnic of his culture and his pride. Later he gives enough evidence that America has not homogenized the ethnic groups—and his book is good enough evidence ethnics can be proud too.

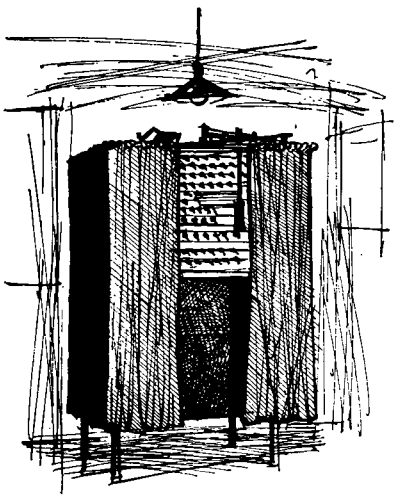
But what is not quite clear yet is what they will be proud about. Novak is Slovak in origin. He tells us some interesting things about his family and his past, but hardly enough. He tends to go abstract and simply insist there is a white ethnic culture or style or experience in general. But if there are roots that nourish, what are they? I ask in a mood of sympathetic inquiry, I want to know. I know how hard it has been for Jewish writers to figure out what is Jewish about them. It would be interesting to see Novak reach deeper and explain what is Slovak about him. We will be quite understanding if the effort is uncertain. After all, no American ethnic group has yet been able to explain in what sense it is still related to its past. □

The Ethnic Factor: How America's Minorities Decide Elections
By Mark R. Levy and Michael S. Kramer
Simon & Schuster, 255 pp., $7.95
Black Politics: A Theoretical and Structural Analysis
By Hanes Walton Jr.
Lippincott, 246 pp., $7.95

HOW MUCH VOTING CLOUT?

RICHARD JENSEN

Will the Republicans ever win the ethnic vote—and does it matter? For the last century Catholics have been the mainstay of the Democratic Party in the North, and more recently blacks and Jews have added additional votes,



money and talent. Eisenhower managed to neutralize the ethnic factor, but John Kennedy brought it back to New Deal levels. In the 1968 campaign, when Nixon had opened up a huge lead over Humphrey in the polls the ethnics stayed with Humphrey despite strong efforts by Nixon and Wallace to attract Catholic support.

Now the Catholic vote is in ferment. The issues of forced busing, legalized abortion, aid to the faltering parochial school systems, crime in the streets, and rising local taxes and welfare rolls have shaken the traditional liberalism of Catholics. At the same time, the turmoil within the Catholic Church, the decay of labor unionism, and the collapse of big-city machines have weakened the historic links between Catholics and the Democratic tradition. Alienation rises as old guideposts decay, setting the stage for the appeal of Wallace and McGovern. Recent Gallup polls show that Nixon's persistent wooing has at last given him a lead over McGovern among Catholic voters.

Mark Levy and Michael Kramer provide the necessary background for examining the possibilities in their study, *The Ethnic Factor*. Relying primarily on the NBC precinct vote profiles from 1960 to 1970, the book focuses on Italian, Irish, Slavic and Spanish Catholics, blacks and Jews. State by state, race by race, the authors tease out the complex relationships among ethnicity, issues, parties and candidates. Although lacking the historical depth and richness of Kevin Phillips' *The Emerging Republican Majority*, this book uses more detailed and much more accurate data than Phillips had, and effectively undermines his claim that Catholics have been moving into the Republican fold.

Phillips' evidence came chiefly from New York, where, indeed, Catholics have moved away from their traditional party. Elsewhere, however, there was no clear trend up to 1970, and Catholics gave 60, 70, even 80 per cent of their votes to liberal Democrats. When Republican candidates have made inroads into these lopsided margins, they have usually been very liberal Republicans, or else were enjoying a landslide anyway and did not need ethnic votes. Unfortunately, Levy and Kramer say nothing about the large numbers of German Catholics, nor do they even mention the French Canadian factor in New England. The French Canadians are as heavily Democratic as anyone, but the Germans have long been a volatile factor.

Back in the 1930s, all the ethnics were very poor, eager for relief and 6 to 1 for Roosevelt. Since then, the Jews (about 4 per cent of the electorate and heavily concentrated around New York City) have rapidly moved to the top of the economic ladder. Their vicarious experience of the travail of Jews in Israel and Hitler's Europe has strengthened their ethnic identity and confirmed their support for the heirs of Franklin Roosevelt. Humphrey carried 83 per cent of the Jewish vote in 1968, and McGovern, having emphatically affirmed his hawkishness on Israel, should do about as well. Jewish votes will be a minor factor outside New York, but their financial and intellectual support is essential if McGovern is planning the usual sort of multimillion-dollar media campaign.

The Irish (5 per cent of the vote, and widely scattered across the urban North) have also climbed up the economic ladder—faster in fact than any white group except the Jews. Lingering liberalism, combined with the Kennedy factor, led the Irish to support Humphrey 64 to 33 over Nixon, with Wallace trailing very poorly at 3 per cent. In 1970 the New York Irish voted heavily for Buckley and Rockefeller. Without Ted on the ticket, Nixon has a good chance of winning 40 to 50 per cent of the Irish vote this year.

Italian and Slavic voters (each 5 per cent of the electorate, and concentrated in the industrial belt from Chicago to Boston) have not yet emerged from mediocre factory, mining and service jobs. The Italians seem to have

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Sociologist **Nathan Glazer** *is Professor of Education and Social Structure at Harvard. . . .* **Richard Jensen**, *specialist in voting analysis, is on the faculty of the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle. . . .* **Jeffrey Hart**, *Professor of English at Dartmouth, is at work on a book of literary essays. . . .* **Mel Bradford** *is a professor of English at the University of Dallas. . . .* **Anthony Harrigan** *is a frequent contributor to professional military journals.*

overcome their ties to the New Deal, and in 1968 gave Humphrey a slim 50 to 40 lead over Nixon, with Wallace running at a fair 10 per cent. In New York, especially, they show signs of breaking toward the GOP, and Nixon may well take half their votes. That would make it much harder for McGovern to carry New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Pennsylvania.

Slavic voters remain confirmed liberal Democrats. Ed Muskie is their kind of candidate, not George Wallace, and they did vote for Muskie in Wisconsin and Pennsylvania when no one else cared to. Humphrey led Nixon convincingly, 65 to 23, with Wallace adding a fair 12 per cent. Except in mayoralty campaigns that revolve around racial issues (Gary, Cleveland, Newark, Philadelphia), there is little evidence of an over-all "backlash" vote among Slavic and Italian voters. CBS vote-profile data, which Levy and Kramer did not use, show that white neighborhoods on the edge of black ghettos gave Wallace about the same proportion of their vote (12 per cent) that he received in blue-collar areas that were not in the line of black expansion, and that Nixon ran well behind his usual blue-collar vote there. The backlash factor, in sum, does not exist in national elections. Even Wallace noticed that and developed his Northern primary campaign this spring chiefly around issues of local taxation and unresponsive bureaucracy.

Chicanos and Puerto Ricans, Levy and Kramer demonstrate, are ciphers on election day, simply because they do not register and vote. Apathy, based on language barriers, poor organization, and the nearness of their homelands will probably continue for another decade or two—a repetition of the typical apathetic pattern of all twentieth-century immigrant groups in their early days in America. Likewise the Cubans of Miami, with a Republican bent, do not participate in politics, at least not at the polls.

The blacks, although they comprise but 8 per cent of the electorate, have attracted more attention than any of the white ethnics. Hanes Walton, in a dry, factual and fairly accurate summary of black politics over two hundred years, shows that race has always been their central concern. In 1968 Humphrey polled 94 per cent of the black vote, though turnout was down somewhat from the peak in 1964. Blacks have often dallied with third parties in an effort to make the major parties more responsive to their demands. Now that they are building a solid power base in the big Northern cities, there is little prospect they will desert the Democrats. Nevertheless, McGovern will have to work hard to keep black turnout at a high enough level to offset suburban and outstate Republican advantages.

Both books under review attempt to show that ethnics are decisive in American politics. Do not be misled—ethnics comprise less than a third of the electorate, and are heavily concentrated in the Northeast. West and south of Pennsylvania white Protestants comprise 80 per cent of the electorate, and being no less flexible than the ethnics, will decide who wins this fall. □

The Proselytizer
By D. Keith Mano
Knopf, 271 pp., $6.95

MYSTICISM OF MATERIALISM

JEFFREY HART

Keith Mano's fifth novel is a puzzling, even tantalizing object. A brief description. Kris Lane "was the fruit of a casual hour's encounter between Thelma Lane and an ice-cream vendor—from whom she had first bought a sticky sundae cup, then a half gallon of vanilla, then the whole man, his money changer jingling faintly throughout the hour on a bedside table."

This peculiar origin reminds us in some ways of the mysterious genesis of the heroes of myth and legend: Achilles, Moses, Christ. Thelma Lane, furthermore, had a vision just prior to her son's birth. While she was sitting in the bathtub, a voice spoke to her: "This is my child. Cherish him. He will serve all men." At this point the requisite miracle occurred. "When I got out there was no ring around the tub."

So Kris Lane in some sense is a figure in the heroic cast, trailing clouds of divinity as he came, the ringless tub standing in for the Star in the East. When we meet him here he has become a successful TV voice; not himself seen on the screen, he reads the message the ad delivers—signifying, perhaps, the meretricious messages of the modern spirit.

His real vocation is rather different. Lane is a sexual adept who brings women to God by seducing them. He goes about this in a systematic way, compiling index cards and so on, and a bevy of female disciples surrounds him in suburban New Faith, N.Y. Others, further along in their vocations, are off as missionaries in the tropics. The narrative, therefore, contains a good deal of sexual description, but it is the reverse of titillating, and indeed Lane himself no longer much enjoys his work. Rather, it has become his way of reaching potential converts—the equivalent, perhaps, of the rice parceled out to hungry coolies by the resident missionary.

What are we to make of all this? Someone has said, shrewdly, that sex is the mysticism of materialism; and I take it that Mano is pointing here at the remaining source of primordial power in a culture cut off from the gods and from God. Much of the comic energy of this novel, indeed, lies in its presentation of the absurd, the debased and the deranged in the suburban culture of New Faith. Furthermore, the psychological connections between sex and divinity, between eros and agape, have often enough been the subject of great literature and art: Dante, Marvell, Crashaw, Bernini, Eliot. Still, as I read *The Proselytizer*, it does not become quite clear just how Kris Lane becomes, as his name suggests, the Way to Christ.

Does he cure sexual neuroses? Does he prop up weak egos? And if he does, so what? How do we get from the Thames Maidens of New Faith to genuine faith via Kris Lane?

One further note. In a striking way, the book turns out to be an allegory of itself. Kris Lane uses the "mysticism of

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materialism" to bring disciples to God. But here, as a novelist, Mano daringly employs a similar gambit, as if to say that he will take the material of *Portnoy* or *Couples* and, through the power of the imagination, turn it to the genuine purposes of the spirit. The Urdu produced converts. Who knows? The readers of the paperback edition may produce some too.

WHATEVER WE DECIDE about these matters, however, and I expect to return to the novel with these and other questions in mind, *The Proselytizer* is full of great things, Mano's comic genius as impressive as ever, perhaps more so. There is room here for only one example, Mano's description of the Episcopal Church in New Faith at the beginning of Chapter Three: "The Church of the Resurrection was an airy cage. Its architect had originally drawn blueprints for a new Primate House at the Municipal Zoo. There were, however, only five primates in New Faith—two chimpanzees, two mangy baboons and a lethargic gorilla who passed whole weeks with one unprehensile thumb cautiously inserted in his navel. The plans, consequently, were thought extravagant. That next month bids had been asked for a new Resurrection Church. The architect gutted his Primate House of grill partitions, added a belfry, an altar, pews, a meeting room with human plumbing, and resubmitted his plans along with a case of Piper Heidseick for the vestry.

"From the outside, Resurrection Church looked rather like a transparent loaf of bread: the slices were stained-glass illustrations of the Passion; interrupting the slices, occasionally in mid-saint, were gorilla-strength-plus steel restraining bars. The peaked roof slid upwards, as a roll-top desk does, on both sides of the center I beam, opening its nave to the heavens on fine Sundays. The altar capped a staircase progression of concrete blocks, initially meant for lounging apes. A stream gurgled under the apse and choir loft to fill a ten-foot-wide six-foot-deep pool, converted from anthropoid ablutions to baptisms, handy should the Episcopal Church ever embrace a doctrine of total immersion. From the center arch were suspended hairy ropes, the barked trunks of entire trees, and an assortment of acrobatic devices. It was, fortuitously, quite striking. The Rev. Fr. Lambert McKee loved his church." □

The Glory of Hera
By Caroline Gordon
Doubleday, 398 pp., $7.95

QUEST FOR A HERO

M. E. BRADFORD

Few contemporary American artists have had a career so distinguished as that of Caroline Gordon. For the past four decades she has maintained a place in the front rank of the masters of her craft: a position granted to her with no question by her peers among the writers of serious fiction. Her production has been as considerable in bulk as in quality: nine novels, two collections of short stories, a substantial body of criticism.

A compelling force in the Southern Renaissance, she has historic significance as a member of that select company which gave to the Southland a dominant voice in American letters. Her earlier books, chronicle of Kentucky, Tennessee and their environs, of frontier days, secession and all their sequels, have recently been reissued by Cooper Square Press. In design and matter they persist as evidence of the power of what the late Donald Davidson described as the "submissive imagination." The family as an institution,

the distinctive roles of the sexes, the enormities of Yankee abstractionism and of life in a politicized world—these (along with art and, of late, revealed religion) have been their most obvious themes. They bespeak an identifiable American experience.

The Glory of Hera completes a more general development in Miss Gordon's creativity—a pattern of emphasis long in the unfolding, and not absolutely evident in her thoroughly "located" compositions. From the first, her search has been for the hero per se—the masculine figure of reference by whom the human (and not just the Southern) enterprise may be transformed. In Miss Gordon's own words, "women, of course, are always on the look-out for heroes." The enemies of the hero are likewise consistent: the "monstrous," the "powers of darkness"; death, in its final essence, as nullity. Down and back, from the regional particularities of her own life and from an inherited legendry, this searching imagination has moved to grapple with the originals of the heroic breed in their native setting, the myth. And, as was her wont even in much earlier work (see especially *The Garden of Adonis* and *Green Centuries*), she has once again located her exemplars in a classical, not a Christian, context. For it is in that context that the humanity of the hero may be most instructively explored; and it is the hero as *man* (rather than as demigod) which we most often misconstrue.

THE GLORY OF HERA concerns Heracles, the demigod who earned his full divinity (hence the title) by enduring many trials and a terrible death. Miss Gordon's account of his labors is, on one level, a felicitous retelling of the traditional story, fleshed out and circumstanced so as to re-interpret its subject. Yet her hero is more than a Robert Graves re-creation, her tale more than a stylish updating of old mysteries. In his wars and his difficulties with ordinary men and women—in his simple passion for service to his celestial father—Heracles personifies all the complete masculine exemplars, even the Son of Man. Conscious moderns, accustomed to a Christ/Dionysus analogy, may be puzzled by this modest and yet formidable "dragon slayer." And therefore they may quarrel with the honor given Heracles in his victory over death and in his rebirth as the child of Zeus *and* Hera. But that re-

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action is what Miss Caroline intended. The deliverance of her Heracles is a surprise even to him. All that he can do is put up a good fight all the way and die knowing his job is done. That there is no transcendence without such a basis in will, not knowledge, is what this novelist has compelled us to recall. There is pleasure in the promise that she will tell us more. □

America Faces Defeat
By Gen. Lewis W. Walt, USMC
Apollo Books, 209 pp., $1.25

PROCEED AT YOUR PERIL

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

The first commander of the Third Marine Amphibious Force in Vietnam has chosen a grim title for this report on the national situation. But the general isn't given to melodramatic statements. He simply reports in crisp, authoritative, soldier-of-the-sea fashion on the harsh realities confronting the American people. Gen. Walt prepared his manuscript long before the U.S. Government embraced the safety through weakness concept embedded in the Moscow arms agreement and accepted a 3 to 2 Soviet lead in strategic nuclear weapons. But he saw what was coming. "As of this year," he writes, "we are the second most powerful nation on earth. . . . As of 1972, and for the next few years beyond, let us recognize that the balance of power has swung over to the USSR."

THEY WON'T LIKE Gen. Walt's book in the White House and other places where forthrightness about the nation's security is rejected. The Hate America crowd around Sen. George McGovern has no use for citizens who say: "Our society is not sick; it is being poisoned. Our society is not dying; it is being murdered." But concerned and candid Americans, who want the truth about their country's peril, will find *America Faces Defeat* an immensely valuable text for the times.

This book is published at a moment when every effort is being made to conceal America's defeat in the strategic arms talks and the real nature of our country's military predicament. On October 24, 1968, candidate Richard Nixon said: "In recent years our country has followed policies which now threaten to make America second best in numbers and quality of major weapons. That is why I charge the opposition with creating a security gap for America." That concern apparently vanished between 1968 and 1972. At Moscow, Mr. Nixon signed an arms agreement that consigns the U.S. to permanent status of second best. "Today," Gen. Walt writes, "we are overpowered by the Soviets. As we nursed our one thousand ICBM launchers, they built. As we leveled off our submarine force, they built."

Gen. Walt makes plain the significance of second-class power status for America: "We shall have to learn once again the harsh lessons of weakness, of being trampled upon, and how it is to tighten our belts in privation and gird ourselves for nearly hopeless conflicts. We face, today, either defeat or years of national tragedy."

Despite his totally honest assessment of America's increasing weakness relative to the Soviet Union, Gen. Walt's book is not one of unrelieved gloom. In Vietnam, he was a commander of a youthful combat force, and he believes in the courage and resourcefulness of young Americans when they have the proper conditioning and discipline. At a time when the U.S. has lost the edge in strategic weapons, it is all the more important that America understand the human factor in conflict. Americans would do well to weigh his comments on the concept of all-volunteer armed forces. He warns that making the Armed Forces attractive "has dangerous limitations," noting that a country can't pay a man enough "to move him across a footbridge under fire." Rather than abandon Selective Service, Gen. Walt would expand the concept into a national service system that would stress "the obligation of the citizen to devote some part of his life to the people." He observes that "the principal attraction of the all-volunteer forces is to permit

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: After all these years, Jerry Voorhis gets even via *The Strange Case of Richard Milhous Nixon* (Eriksson, $8.95). . . . Three years ago, Jesse Owens wrote *Blackthink*, a plea for moderation. Now the former Olympic star announces *I Have Changed* (Morrow, $5.95). . . . *Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter* has memorabilia as well as songs (Random House, $5.95, paper). . . . Jerry Robinson's *The Comics* is an illustrated history of what they used to call "the funny papers" (Putnam, $15). . . . Texas oilmen, Jewish bankers, Southern aristocrats and limousine liberals all star in *Fat Cats and Democrats* by G. William Domhoff (Prentice-Hall, $5.95).

■ SEPTEMBER BOOKS. A big life of *Metternich* from Alan Palmer (Harper, $12.50). . . . *Mary Todd Lincoln: Her Life and Letters* by Justin G. Turner and Linda Levitt Turner includes all 610 of her letters now known to exist (Knopf, $15). . . . *The Price of Empire* is an expansion of Fulbright's *New Yorker* screed (Random House, $6.95; paper, $1.95). The same publisher offers French diplomat Jacques Guillermaz' *History of the Chinese Communist Party, 1929-1949* ($10). . . . Former Czech Communist J. Bernard Hutton warns about *The Subverters* operating in the free world (Arlington, $7.95). The same publisher is bringing out George Carpozi's *The John Wayne Story*.

■ LOOKING TOWARD OCTOBER. Rudolf Bing recalls *5,000 Nights at the Opera* (Doubleday, $10). . . . Oliver Pilat follows his life of Pegler with one on *Drew Pearson* (Harper's Magazine Press, $7.95). . . . Harcourt out with the first *Complete Poems 1913-1962* by E. E. Cummings ($12.50). . . . Waldemar Nielsen views *The Big Foundations* critically (Columbia, $12.50; paper, $4.95). . . . W. A. Swanberg, biographer of Hearst and Pulitzer, now dissects *Luce and His Empire* (Scribner, $12.95). . . . *Meany* is a big bio by Joseph C. Goulden (Atheneum, $12.50).

■ OCTOBER GIFT BOOKS. Charles Lockwood pictures Fun City before the deluge in *Bricks and Brownstone: The New York Row House 1783-1929* (McGraw-Hill, $17.95). . . . Photographer Eliot Porter captures *Birds of North America* in color (Dutton, $21.95 to Jan. 1, then $25). . . . Robert Elman's *The Great American Shooting Prints* is a collection of eighty hunting prints in color (Knopf, $25). . . . Two picture books from Random House: Arthur Beiser's *The Sailor's World* ($15) and Charles F. Waterman's *The Fisherman's World* ($15). . . . Roger Longrigg's *History of Horse Racing* has splashy illustrations (Stein & Day, $22.50 to Jan. 1, then $25). . . . *Le Morte d'Arthur* is a facsimile of the 1893 English edition (St. Martin's, $50).

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Memo to: all of you who are so interested in Ireland and its current troubles

Re: some solid information on the subject (at last!) that you'll want to get immediately.

Act now!-- Last Chance!

To judge from our mailbag, the bloodshed in Ulster is of tremendous concern to a great many of you. Poor NR is accused from all sides of failing to come down on the right side of this many-sided problem -- yet very few of our correspondents could possibly agree with one another.

The situation is further complicated by this well-known fact: there are just not many really good books about Ireland available (an Irish friend claims that "there is no such thing as a decent history of Ireland -- let alone an unprejudiced one!"). Well, we think we've found a good one, and we hasten to make it available to you for less than half price -- all you have to do is use the card facing this page (please act now -- this offer will not be repeated!).

The straightforward title is "The Irish," and while author Richard O'Connor wastes few words, he doesn't skip over much either. This big (just under 400 pages and -- mirabile dictu -- fully indexed, so you can go back and find the parts you'll want to quote) book contains an enormous amount of information, opinion, fact, anecdote -- not to mention some of the funniest stories you've heard in a long time. Many will want to begin with the last few chapters, as they will tell you most about the current situation -- but it is that kind of book, one that you can pick up and go through as you please. Some samples:

- "...a Dubliner told me, 'Out of Ireland's three millions we have 500,000 clergymen, several hundred thousand IRA men, and the rest are all politicians.'"

- "What, then, is so precious about this Irishness the Irish are bent on preserving? Or is it precious at all? You could no more ask that question in Ireland and expect a mild answer than you could ask an Israeli what is so valuable about Jewishness."

- "Never agree with an Irishman when he is criticizing himself; he can do a far better job on his own and resents any footnotes to his self-destructive soliloquies."

But I haven't room to tell it all (although I can't resist mentioning one of the quoted malaprops of Sir Boyle Roach, who once said: "Why should we [put] ourselves out for posterity? What has posterity done for us?" -- his hilarious sayings alone would make this book a treasure. The point is, if Ireland is your thing, you've got to have this book. You can get it now for just $3.95 (retail price $7.95 -- you save $4.00) along with your new or renewal subscription to National Review. (If you're renewing, we'll just extend your current expiration date by a full year.) Please don't miss this one-time-only opportunity: we've ordered only enough books to cover this one ad, so even if you yourself don't give a hoot about Ireland, tell some friend about this offer without delay (just give him the handy card).

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the citizen to turn his back upon that obligation."

Not everything in this book will please conservative readers. The chapter on "The Third World" is influenced by the military social-action theories which emerged during the New Frontier-Great Society period. And the General's suggestion of an "Office of Information" to operate on the domestic scene isn't likely to win the approval of conservatives, despite their concern about media antagonism to the national interest.

Gen. Walt is strongest in discussing the impact of war on American society. "It appears," he says, "that we have been entrapped in so-called 'wars of national liberation' not provided for, in any specific sense, in our scheme of things. Our machinery of government fumbles with them. We enter them with a feeling of guilt and conduct them with trepidation. They end inconclusively and it is hard for us to see what we have won—only what we have lost."

The military professionals, who fought for America from World War II to Vietnam, have had their advice ignored. The bookish men, with no battlefield experience, have become national security counselors to Presidents. They persuade our country's leaders that paper agreements with ruthless adversaries are worth more than military supremacy on the part of the United States. Is it any wonder, therefore, that America faces defeat? One can but hope that the penalty Americans pay for such folly won't be catastrophic and that our people will have time to learn sound courses of action from such authentic leaders as Lewis Walt. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SELECTED PAPERS OF WILL CLAYTON, *edited by Frederick J. Dobney (Johns Hopkins, 298 pp., $8.50).* With isolationism on the rise again, and even its avowed opponents chattering about eras of negotiations for generations of peace, it is wise to recognize two facts. First, isolationism is the norm in American history. Second, our two decades of confident internationalism—1942-1962—were made possible by the efforts of a small band of public servants whose skill and vision in the immediate postwar years literally saved the world. One of the most important of these was Will Clayton, Assistant Secretary of Commerce prior to entering the State Department in 1944 as Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs. Clayton, who died in 1966, 86 years after his birth on a farm near Tupelo, Mississippi, understood better than anyone else the way political power can grow out of vigorous capitalist commerce. He knew that free trade is a necessary condition for an internationalist foreign policy that seeks the cooperation of strong allies, that a nation too weak or timid to practice free trade is a nation incapable of world leadership. The theme and—almost as important—tone of these papers is *confidence*. Clayton had confidence in the virtues of our civilization, and in our ability to make those virtues tell in a world of conflict. One can sample Clayton's spirit in a letter he wrote to Senator William Fulbright: "When Castro publicly announced that he was a Communist, he gave notice that the Monroe Doctrine had been flagrantly violated. Within 24 hours thereafter, the United States should have blockaded Cuba and taken other drastic action to end the Communist government set up by Castro and thus end the violation of the Monroe Doctrine. Not having taken this action at the time, the United States should take it now, with or without Latin American participation. Failing any such action, the United States might as well channel all its strength in preparation for World War III." That letter was dated September 19, 1962—just one month before President Kennedy disavowed the Monroe Doctrine in order to get Soviet missiles out of Cuba. By then American confidence was running out, and an isolationist tide was running. Men of Clayton's breed were not "pragmatists" like those now greasing the skids for our slide away from world responsibilities. Rather, they were men whose policies flowed from a profound understanding of the nation's possibilities and purpose. This volume contains their powerful vision and coherent philosophy. It is well-annotated and handsomely produced.

G. F. WILL

DARK HORSE, *by Fletcher Knebel (Doubleday, 367 pp., $7.95).* When the presidential candidate of a major party dies three weeks before Election Day, the kingmakers meet and select a dark horse: a commissioner of the New Jersey Turnpike Authority. Eddie Quinn turns out to be the ultimate populist candidate; his top advisers are his uncle from Bee Branch, Arkansas, a college roommate now with the Rand Corporation, a black woman activist, a college radical and a congresswoman (with whom he Dallies). Eddie's simplistic home-made platform (e.g., draft only men over fifty) turns his party against him, but he fights doggedly on. There are a few entertaining moments, but the plot is thin and the outcome unsurprising. The characters are too shadowy to be likeable or otherwise. *Dark Horse* is not likely to be *the* political suspense novel of this season.

P. C. SIMONDS

THE ARNHEITER AFFAIR, *by Neil Sheehan (Random House, 304 pp., $7.95).* On December 22, 1965 Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter assumed command of the *USS Vance*. On March 31, 1966 he was summarily relieved of his command because of "certain irregular practices . . . and policies . . . seriously detrimental to the morale and combat efficiency of his command." And so began the controversy over Captain Arnheiter. One side said he was a good, if tough, commander whose career was ruined by a few cunning officers; the other said he was Captain Queeg come to life. At the beginning, Neil Sheehan, yes, Pentagon Papers Sheehan, tells us he was on Arnheiter's side, thinking the officers who brought about their captain's removal "milksops and neurotic." Now, after interviews with the captain and crew of the *Vance*, Sheehan has changed his mind. The captain, we learn, was deceptive and secretive; the crew was extraordinarily loquacious—those of the crew who disliked the captain, the only ones we hear from. The trouble is, no matter how sympathetic Sheehan now is, the officers still sound like "milksops and neurotics." The only defense of Arnheiter comes at the end of the book—in one of the appendices, a letter from Captain Richard Alexander to the Secretary of the Navy. After examining the entire case, Alexander found that Arnheiter's only offenses were two minor ones that should never have been grounds for dismissal. His major offense, Alexander notes, was that he was a diligent officer stuck with deceitful, disloyal and conniving officers. Alexander seems to have a point, but it didn't do Arnheiter or himself any good. Both have left the Navy.

K. LYNCH

SAFE PLACES, *by David and Holly Franke (Arlington House, 932 pp., $13.95).* A problem with scientific inquiry is that the act of studying a phenomenon often affects its behavior. The problem with a book like this is that, if successful in showing refugees from the turmoil of big cities where to go, the safe places may no longer be free from the very problems one sought to escape in the first place. Most people moving to a great, new place, though, want to lock the gate behind them and work to keep the best of what they have found. Exhaustive and amazingly accurate in its descriptions of the several towns I am familiar with, its greatest value will lie in providing the incipient refugee with a logical set of parameters to apply when choosing a new place to settle. I wish that all the photographs had been Franke originals instead of mostly old chamber of commerce handouts. Fortunately, the authors came no closer than fifty miles to my haven. Even so, on the evening of this writing, I met a couple unhappy with life in Connecticut's safe place. David and Holly, did you save a secret few for your close friends?

D. B. DUVAL

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

God's in His Garden

They stand, backs rigid, palms raised —seven thousand people shoving up seven thousand jammed windows. Their fingers wriggle. They've been told to lift up God and they boost Him hugely, gladly. Their cheering is torrential. They applaud Jesus and stamp their feet. Damn it, they're rooting for the Lord. Ninety per cent black, but the whites are there too. Ready for a great Supernatural Happening in Madison Square Garden. Can any good come out of Madison Square Garden?

Item: One hundred thousand young people attend Explo '72.

The mighty tiered choir does another turn. I multiply seats: five hundred voices at least. The music is wonderful, it jerks your feet alive. Tremendous ovation from the crowd, and I think of Mrs. Prune in our very Episcopal choir at home: Oh, how she'd love to have her crazy soprano applauded just once. Individuals below go off like Catherine wheels: shrieks, arms egg-beatering, Jesus! Jesus! This is the threshing floor of Baldwin's *Go Tell It on the Mountain.* Chaff and kernel are being sorted out. But it's more than that: These Christians are having a ball. Not my style, no: I can't howl Jesus! as I might howl De-fense! De-fense! to Walt Frazier from this same seat. But I'm tempted, even jealous. In my church—in your church, if it's enfeebled enough to be called a church—silent, tip-toeing reverence presides. But this is reverence, too: reverence that doffs the top of your skull, dances you, loosens you up for God, a spine-pummeling mass chiropractic.

Item: In a book market that's been grimly depressed for years, Christian publishing houses report a sales increase of 25 to 40 per cent.

And the great man is on: Apostle Arturo Skinner, evangelist, healer, founder of the World Deliverance Crusade. Oh, he's good, good. A voice made of Teflon. Protean face lashed by an upper lip, a sorcerer's cloth, that whisks expressions away: anger, triumph, gladness, laughter. He preaches in rhythm: a recitative dotted by choir and organ. His body is charged: He frugs and twists, does isometric pushes against the podium, leaps into Pinky Lee gallops of joy and power. His timing is perfect: The crowd responds, responds. God spoke to him, he tells us. God said come to Madison Square Garden and I'll make a great Supernatural Happening.

Items: Brazil—a nationwide pentecostal movement has dumbfounded the Catholic Church. Indonesia—the dead are raised, men walk on water, a revival of spirit so profound and astonishing that it's been called a new Book of Acts.

Twenty years ago God "arrested" Skinner, "As I was crossing the street —on my way to commit suicide." Now he's an entrepreneur of the Word. Four consecutive nights in Madison Square Garden, what does that run you? Sixty-five Deliverance Centers across the country and in the Caribbean; the "Hour of Deliverance" on fifty radio stations; a new $19,000 mail sorter. Just built, the National Headquarters and Temple in Newark, big as the Baths of Caracalla, with main auditorium (seats 2,500), two side auditoria (1,500 each), swimming pool, TV studio, you name it. Business manager Jasper Samuel sees "Deliverance Buses, trucks, food stores, Clothing Shops, Beauty Salons, Barbar [sic] Shops etc." Staff titles tell you a little something: "Enacio Castro, Tithe Dept.; Horace Wright, Chauffeur; Alfred Simmons, Personal Valet . . ."

Item: To order the huge armies of his faithful, Billy Graham now requires a massive and very sophisticated computer system.

"Raise your right hand for Jesus!"

"Aaaaaah—" (Thunderous)

"Now put that right hand in your purse or wallet!"

"Aaaaaah—" (Still thunderous)

Admission is free, yet now the motel ice-cube buckets are passed around. These must be poor people, but the widows' mites add up. The Apostle's helpers move through the aisles, eerily dressed: the women as nurses, white peaky caps, white shirts; the men as interns, buttoned along the shoulder. I feel slightly unstable, perhaps committed in some great asylum. At last the evening's real business: Apostle Skinner calls his people down to the arena floor. Soul and body, he will heal them.

Item: The Charismatics, descended from the old American Pentecostals, flourish through the land, speaking in tongues, healing, defying Satan.

THEY LINE UP, the lucky ones. Skinner paces back and forth, spilling energy, confidence. He diagnoses then, this internist of the soul. Stomach, foot, heroin, faithlessness. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Now the laying on of hands. Laying on? Hauling off. Whock! Skinner hits them, forehead square, with his open palm. Two are pole-axed outright and their bodies are left, full of nervous shivers, to be stepped over, stepped over, by the remaining petitioners. A three-year-old girl sees her mother whocked, goes for the Apostle's shin with her teeth. Interns yank her off Skinner's leg. And the crowd hurrahs Jesus for every cane discarded, every monkey knocked off an addict's back. I am profoundly disturbed. It seems great theater, seems unmitigated fraud. One addict speaks my worry. "How do you feel now, boy?" The addict holds his forehead, says, "Frankly, I feel doubt." "Well, boy, that doubt is going." Doublewhock!! The boy falls to his knees, is frog-marched off by interns before any new doubt arises. And the

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D. Keith Mano's *latest novel is reviewed in this issue. . . .* **David Brudnoy** *informs us that* his *mother is a gem and bears no relationship to Sophie Portnoy. . . .* **Nika Hazelton** *is in Europe.*

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seven thousand roar. And Skinner raises both arms, God's champion in this arena of famous champions.

Items: Attendance continues to slump in the established churches. Morale is broken. Rumor has it that the National Council of Churches is near insolvency.

It's easy to laugh, to caricature. But Arturo Skinner, Billy Graham, the Charismatics, the Jesus Freaks are serving a great need in the supply and demand of the Spirit. A wise friend tells me, liberal clergymen aren't killing the church because they preach anti-war, ecology, civil rights. Most parishioners couldn't care less. Churches die because of what isn't preached: Jesus, salvation, remission of sins, hope. Nearly seven thousand blacks in Madison Square Garden and not one reference—not one—to Black Power, Angela Davis, Honky. Just redemption, God's love, His tremendous Power. Jesus said, "He . . . will let out his vineyard unto other husbandmen, which shall render Him the fruits in their seasons." Those that have ears, let them hear. □

FILM

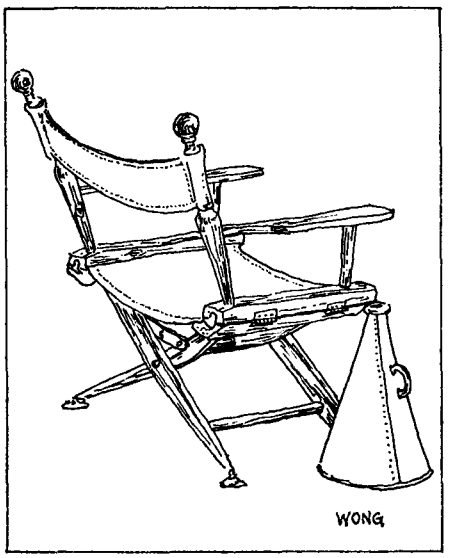
DAVID BRUDNOY

Sophie's Revenge

"Doctor Spielvogel, this is my life, my only life, and I'm living it in the middle of a Jewish joke! I am the son in the Jewish joke—*only it ain't no joke!*" Thus 33-year-old Alexander to his shrink, in Philip Roth's unsurpassable fable of smother-love and its victims, *Portnoy's Complaint*. Sex-obsessed and guilt-ridden, the latter an intended fruit of a boyhood dominated and orchestrated by Sophie "patron saint of self-sacrifice" Portnoy, Alexander is burdened by that legend which an eternity of Yiddish mommas "engraved on the face of the Jewish nickel, not IN GOD WE TRUST, but SOMEDAY YOU'LL BE A PARENT AND YOU'LL KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE." He lashes out at Sophie and Jake, his impossibly true-to-life parents, tromps on *shiksa* tramps like a naughty child crunching ants, can't make it with a Sabra—"impotent in Israel!"—and despises himself with the full fury of a man-child who screams from the depths of his tortured gut: "A Jewish man with parents alive is a fifteen-year-old boy, and will remain a fifteen-year-old boy till *they die*!"

Visiting the home of one of his college Gentile girlfriends, Portnoy discovers, in contrast to what passes for human discourse among *his* parents, that "the English language is a *form of communication*! Conversation isn't just crossfire where you shoot and get shot at. Where you've got to duck for your life and aim to kill! Words aren't only bombs and bullets—no, they're little gifts, containing meanings!" Little spitballs containing loaded meanings, the four-letter words Roth used in his 1969 Indian-gift to Jewish Motherhood offended many. Others, more conversant with the syndrome Roth portrayed, loathed and even feared *Portnoy's Complaint* because it divulged those sacred secrets, those closet verities, those mini-tragedies of lives petrified in superego debilities. What Jewish Mother (of *any* ethnicity) could bear to read about the Portnoys' neighbor, Ronald Nimkin, "José Iturbi the Second," a perfectly packaged and sanitized angel "with those golden hands!," who hanged himself from the shower head with a note neatly pinned to his nice stiffly laundered sport shirt: *"Mrs. Blumenthal called. Please bring your mah-jongg rules to the game tonight. Ronald"*?

Until now, the Jewish Mothers' Auxiliary of the Wounded Soul Brigade has had no forum to register *its* complaint. But Mr. Ernest Lehman, who maladapted Roth's novel and misdirected this unspeakably tasteless film, has allowed the Sophie Portnoys of America their revenge. Gone is the brilliance of image; gone the wrenching pathos; gone the carefully developed plot laying bare Portnoy's justifiable complaint; gone the devilishly clever evisceration of the Ur-Mutter Sophie, who deserved all she got.



What's left? The inconceivably awful Richard Benjamin whining his way through yet another typecasting; the indescribably delicious Karen Black, reduced in her role as The Monkey, Alex's *shiksa* supreme, to pouting and posturing; Lee Grant and Jack Somack bellowing Sophie's and Jake's lines without much comprehension of their meanings; an airy score by Michel Legrand bearing no discernible relationship to the black tone of the story.

What's left? A romp—are you ready? —*through the grass*, yet; photography too embarrassed to *show* what's going on, and too coyly designed to capture for the film its R rating instead of the X it needed; passages lifted from the book like kidneys from a cadaver, passages alive in context but dead and humiliatingly raw when excised; a Sophie for whom one can feel *sympathy*, ferkrisake, a treacly Sophie saddled with her swinish plastic son. What's left? *Dreck*.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE, another 1969 book, receives generous treatment in the film version by Stephen Geller of Kurt Vonnegut's antiwar-cum-sf tale about a young imprisoned GI's disorientation after living through the 1945 fire-bombing of Dresden. Billy Pilgrim (winningly played both as teen- and middle-ager by Michael Sacks, a smooth blond scarecrow) time-trips, as the Kids say, flopping back and forth from childhood through wartime to marriage, into prosperous Rotarianism and on to his happy zoo prison on the planet Tralfamadore. There, in the arms of his adored ideal woman, Montana Wildhack (Valerie Perrine), Billy comes to learn the secret of Time, that everything always is, was and will be, and hence the lesson of Death: So it goes.

The acting is splendid, including Sharon Gans in the difficult caricature role of Billy's unlovely though love-loving wife, the former Valencia Merble. Combining delightful comedy with moments of genuine tragedy and lush whimsy, *Slaughterhouse-Five* is graced, furthermore, with an all-Bach musical background arranged, scored and performed by Glenn Gould. Shot mainly

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in Prague, Minneapolis and on the planet Tralfamadore, the film *looks* real, which gives its decidedly frightening albeit fanciful message solidity of milieu. Roth should weep at what they've done to *Portnoy*; Vonnegut must be in ecstasy.

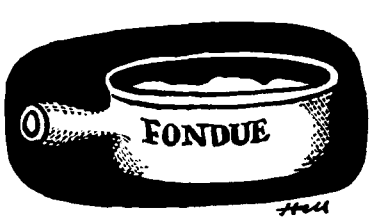
Briefly: Thomas Tryon's *The Other*, a haunting gothic tale written last year, has been brought literally to the screen, thus ruined by literality and humdrumized into tedium. . . . Even worse is Alfred Hitchcock's *Frenzy*, whose portentous and pretentious title is never realized. Much activity—busy busy necktie-murderer, down-on-his-luck innocent man, cold cold corpses—and, everywhere, the contriving hand of Hitchcock cozying us along to admire his finesse. Despite Alex McCowen and Vivien Merchant as the police inspector and his wife, who scintillate with their conversations about crime juicily bracketed with *his* attempts to get through yet another of *her* hideously arty and absolutely indigestible gourmet dinners, *Frenzy* is devoid of both surprise and suspense: Is The Master losing his touch? Seems so. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Keep It Natural

It seems odd that so many people look upon food as something connected with moral values rather than as fuel, preferably pleasant fuel, that the human frame needs to keep alive. Take, for instance, the so-called health foods. It was the young radical Left which gave the world the message of the moral superiority of soy beans, sea salt and carob flour—the use of which put you automatically on the side of the elect. On the other side, just as many people felt that anything advocated by the long-haired, sandaled or barefoot must be automatically bad.



As the sound and fury die down, the realization remains that there are more reasonable ways of eating than the ones most of us practice. These ways are no different (apart from the use of some products) from those practiced at the turn of the century, before large mechanized farming and modern food production and preservation methods. People cooked and ate what was available seasonally, not only in the countryside but everywhere. Today, the idea that fresh foods freshly cooked taste better and are more nutritious than precooked, prepacked and even preserved ones is coming back into vogue. Such foods are much cheaper, and you don't have to stop at obscure health food stores to get them. You do not need the strange, expensive specialties sold there with the all-redeeming label "organic," no more than you need frozen "gourmet" specialties like sauced vegetables or "foreign-cuisine" type dinners.

About organically grown vegetables and fruits: I certainly think good quality specimens taste extremely good. I believe quite as certainly that good quality commercial specimens taste extremely good. Given top quality, there isn't that much difference in taste. You have only to look at the sorry vegetables and fruit lying around far too many health stores to know that their organic paternity doesn't make them worthwhile eating. Furthermore, the "organic" label attached to such foods as shredded coconut or bananas is for the birds, grown as they are on a large scale in the distant and callous tropics. In a charitable way, I believe that a number, but a *small* number, of health stores really carry organic produce, while most simply exploit the gullibility of the addicts just as other merchants do with other foods.

As for the greater nutritive value of organic produce, I really don't know. On one side, experts say that properly grown commercial produce is fully as healthy as the other kind, which organic farmers deny. I am inclined to believe the first; in any case, it would be impossible to feed humanity the organic way since it simply does not produce as much food. However, what I believe in very firmly is the superiority of vegetables and fruits which are allowed to ripen in the natural way, not in packing houses or refrigerator cars. This is where the true taste difference comes in, and nothing in the world can make up for it. Natural ripening is what makes fruits and vegetables in Europe taste so much better than American produce (plus the fact that they don't have to reach the mammoth size of ours, which toughens them).

When you live in a big city, it is very hard to find properly ripened produce; sometimes it is better to use frozen products that were picked and frozen at peak quality. But if you eat seasonal foods, as I do, you can manage very well. The thing that bothers me about frozen foods is that in order to keep, they have to contain preservatives. It's interesting that in Germany, frozen foods contain no preservatives, but then, they do not have to have the long-keeping qualities ours do. The Germans are scared of the cumulative effect of chemicals, since they know perfectly well that people will go on using frozen foods. I know that over here each package contains the minimum, which cannot hurt and which the body can synthesize, but what about the accumulation in the body of all the chemicals present in our foods? Since I feel sure that there must be such an effect I use as few frozen peas or whatnot as possible, and stick to what looks good in the vegetable market, at reasonable seasonable prices.

I BUY ALL my food at supermarkets or in ordinary vegetable markets and groceries, never at health food stores. I also avoid all those packaged goodies like puddings, whose lists of ingredients are long citations of chemicals that chill the blood as one reads them. And I cook from scratch, which does not take nearly as much time as people think, when you prepare simple food for everyday meals. There is a book that I have found extremely useful, and free from the fads expressed in most of the new "health food" cookbooks and their sloppy recipes. This is Jean Hewitt's *The New York Times Natural Foods Cookbook* (Quandrangle Books, $9.95) which does just what the title says, with very few, and replaceable or omittable, health store foods. Many of the dishes are the good, old European dishes based on fresh vegetables. It will come as an agreeable surprise to many people to see how much food can be simply prepared from simple ingredients. □

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Why Were Bankers Warned That This "New Book Could Upset the Savings Applecart"*

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* Read What The Banking Industry Itself Says About This Startling Volume!

NEW BOOK COULD UPSET THE SAVINGS APPLECART

TIGHT MONEY, Regulation Q, and the much-touted Age of the Consumer, are key ingredients in a flammable mixture about to be ignited by a book which could explode in the face of the commercial banking industry this year. This says:

"The millions of people who have saved a few dollars in the form of savings accounts and insurance have been prevented from gaining any profit from their investment—indeed they have been forced to accept real losses—by what amounts to government agency fiat. These depositors have contributed more, perhaps, to the growth of our economy than any other group, and it is unjust that controls apply only to interest rates to depositors, while there are no controls over the inflationary wage and price increases. Conditions permitting this 20 years of discrimination should be changed."

I am quoting from a book, titled, "Don't Bank On It! How To Make Up to 13½ percent and More on Your Savings—All Fully Insured."

The book is dedicated "to the members of the median income group, those truly forgotten men whose savings deposits make banking, as we know it, possible."

"Don't Bank On It" may be coming out at an auspicious time, as the general public is becoming more aware of high interest rates, and, thanks to truth in lending, is being conditioned to look at rates of 12 or 18 percent as low. No doubt he'll soon recognize that 4 or 5 percent is peanuts.

About the Authors

Martin J. Meyer is president of the National Depositors Cooperative Association. He also serves as Vice President and Secretary of Intercept Tele-Communications, Inc., a new international cable and telegraphic interception and forwarding organization. Mr. Meyer has written numerous magazine articles on banking, thrift, and inflation.

Dr. Joseph M. McDaniel, Jr., recently elected President of the World Health Organization, was Secretary of the Ford Foundation from 1953 until his retirement in 1967 and Dean of the School of Commerce at Northwestern University. His distinguished career includes government service with the Economic Cooperative Association.

3. It is based on one simple fact: That most depositors are *completely passive* about where and how they save their money! They never take the one or two hours that are necessary to learn the "inside workings" of the banking system. Therefore, they never even hear about the "super-savings-accounts" that can yield them *far more* than ordinary interest on their money.

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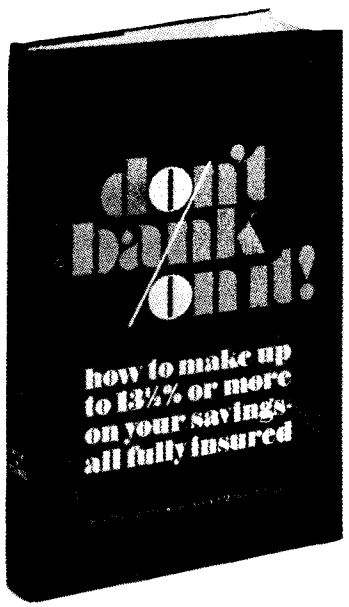

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EVANS

(Continued from page 900)

therefore unable to chart a public position of his own. It is notable, however, that the parts of the Nixon program Agnew seems most at home articulating are the relatively "hard" parts—that is, the resumption of the bombing in Vietnam, the tough speech of November 3, 1969, the Cambodian and Laotian incursions etc. This is congruent, of course, with his position on the Vietnam demonstrators and his increasing hostility to liberal foreign-policy thought in general. It is interesting in this respect that he voiced misgivings about the rapprochement with Peking in a briefing to the press which was subsequently leaked. The record here is scanty and therefore ambiguous, but an intelligent guess would be that Agnew's foreign-policy views are moderate-conservative and trending to the Right.

The area in which Agnew gets the most obvious conservative ratings is that in which he has the most extensive record of public utterance—the question of social disorder, domestic violence and allegiance to American institutions. The Agnew record here has been not merely good, but excellent. It is for his efforts in this respect that he has been most widely acclaimed by conservatives, and the acclaim is more than justified. In the subdivision of this dispute which led him to join battle with the media. Agnew achieved what many other conservative spokesmen have attempted but have never been able to bring off: placing squarely before the public the fact that what passes for "news" in the liberal media is often merely liberal opinion. For conservatives who have long contended that such bias does in fact exist, and who have battled against the magnificent inconsistency of the FCC in applying the so-called "fairness doctrine," this particular Agnew blow was not merely a plus but an historic ten-strike.

"Go ahead. It's organic."

There remains a further plateau of conservative interest —Agnew's approach to matters of fundamental philosophy. Here by conservative lights he has performed, once more, in superlative fashion. He has consistently sought in his public statements to trace our contemporary distress to its metaphysical origins—to relate the collapse of public order to the spread of private decadence and philosophic confusion. To all who believe the contemporary crisis will *not* yield simply to force or governmental placebos, but can be remedied only by deep-going intellectual and philosophic renewal—which I take to be the vast majority of American conservatives—his labors in this respect are infinitely praiseworthy. If there were no other elements in the Agnew dossier, he would deserve conservative gratitude on this one count alone.

All in all, the commonality of interests between Agnew and American conservatives is readily discernible. According to his public utterances, he may not be of the conservatives in political origin but he is clearly with them on many of the issues that concern them most. That observation, however, raises a final question of its own. Quite true, it may be argued, Agnew has aligned himself with the conservatives in various of his public statements; but what, exactly, is proved by that? Obviously, Agnew's function within the Nixon Administration is to serve as an ambassador to Middle America, to keep the Right securely tethered to the Administration. What credence therefore can be placed in his purely public and formal utterances?

The question cannot be answered flatly. Suffice it to say that, so far as I can discern, the Agnew function within the Administration *is* largely conceived as that of massaging the conservative interest and keeping the party faithful happy. But this does not necessarily mean that Agnew himself views his role as purely tactical or that his conservative protestations are insincere, for there is copious evidence to the contrary. And just as conservative rhetoric need not and should not blind us to the substantive performance of the Administration, so our judgment of the Administration generally should not blind us to the affirmative qualities of the rhetor.

To what has been said already, we may add the further observation that Agnew's persistence in attacking the "radical liberals" and the depth of his analysis are not the stigmata of rote performance. And while Agnew's major stock in trade is words, it should not be supposed the effect of words in political combat may be discounted. Politics runs on the engine of opinion, and words are the levers which make that engine turn. The impact of an Agnew utterance like his speech in Des Moines is incalculable. When the second highest official in the land speaks out in this fashion, a genie is released which all the minions of the Establishment will find difficult to stuff back into its opaque bottle.

Finally, we may note the demonstrable effect on character and opinion of any vigorous adversary proceeding. However much a conservative Agnew was *before* he tangled with the marchers and the media, it seems likely he has become much more of one since. Just as the spring of '68 left its genetic imprint, we may be certain the battles of the past three years have done the same. Agnew has seen from painful experience the intolerance, unfairness and downright dishonesty of certain elements on the liberal Left, and from that experience he seems increasingly to have generalized his perception of the issues along a right-left continuum. He has traveled a long, long way since his liberal Republican salad days. □

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 881)

In the form answers now being sent to the writers of these letters, the Chancellor, in speaking of "The Colonels Will Get You . . . ," dismisses all protests with the cynical statement: " . . . the article is inaccurate in virtually every respect." The Chancellor is most profoundly mistaken. The article was scrupulously accurate. It was written with care and concern. Even more, it was written with much agony for what it had to reveal. Each of its facts is true. Each is corroborated by witnesses. Each is fully documented in the detailed files of the Human Rights Commission (City Hall, Newark, New Jersey—Mr. Joseph Volker, Supervisor in charge of investigation).

Chancellor Dungan adds: "The key question is, of course, whether Dr. Szamek's academic freedom was violated. I do not believe it was." Since the only source from whom the Chancellor receives his information is the one against whom the charges are placed, he is scarcely the one to render judgment upon himself. His position is further undermined by the official conspiratorial silence in this matter. In nearly two years not one member of the Governor's staff has been willing to discuss the issue. What the Chancellor "believes" therefore is irrelevant.

The Chancellor goes on to say: ". . . if [he felt his] academic freedom was being violated, there was an established procedure . . . appeal to my office. Professor Szamek did not exhaust this administrative remedy." The Chancellor has a short memory. Sixteen requests were made. Each was ignored. Each is documented in the files of the Human Rights Commission.

Chancellor Dungan concludes his form letter with this observation: "You can be sure that I will do everything in my power to protect the academic freedom of faculty regardless of political ideologies." These are strange words indeed coming from a man who has done everything in his power to suppress the truth. For nearly two years he has doggedly refused the one simple and honorable act which could, after all, very quickly and clearly reveal the truth: a full, open, public investigation. Instead, the present false information is now being deliberately circulated. Surely no act could more completely disclose the utter contempt in which political machines privately hold both the intelligence and the voice of the individual citizen.

Newark, N.J. PIERRE SZAMEK

Louis Budenz, R I P

Louis Budenz ["The Week," May 26] was my friend and my teacher at Fordham more than twenty years ago. He was a good and admirable man shouting into the winds the harsh truths of Communist strategy and tactics which every new generation of American leaders ignores at home and abroad, preferring instead the established hallucinations. How he must have been comforted in these final years to know that the era of confrontation is over and the era of negotiation has begun.

If conservatives do not retrieve their wounded it is because most often they are given no opportunity to do so. For us, the horn of Roland fails universally. That Louis Budenz and his family were living in poverty at the end I learned from NATIONAL REVIEW only after it was too late—having presumed, if I thought about it, that he was living in retirement buoyed by a combination of royalties, a pension from Fordham, annuities, and the rest.

Had I known I was wrong I would have been honored to help. So, I believe, would others. My options now are diminished and unsatisfying.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y. WILLIAM K. HAYES

Freshman English

John Teel's piece on the leftist composition anthologies ["Freshman English in the Age of Revolution," May 26] is accurate and sensible.

I have long experience with composition programs, and have taught the subject in four universities. There are two reasons why the composition course in many schools has gone bad. The first is that the good senior men will have nothing to do with *any* composition course, freshman or not; they consider it beneath them. This situation has left a vacuum of power, and the crazies (educationists, psychologists, linguisticians etc.) have rushed in to fill it. The second reason is part of the first: Practically speaking, in many colleges the course is "run" by teaching assistants, and many of *them* are barely literate. Of course, one teaches what one knows, and if McLuhan and Marcuse are all one knows . . .

I understand there are English departments nowadays that will give a barbarian a degree even if he has never read anything in "literature" before 1900!

Urbana, Ill. A. M. TIBBETTS

Isle of Man

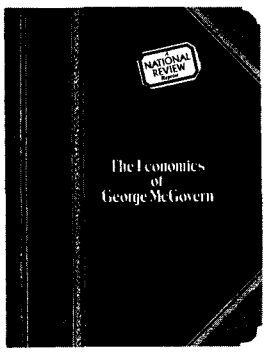
There can be no doubt that Karl R. Zimmermann had an exciting "Time Out" on the Isle of Man [May 26]; however, he states "the Isle of Man is not a place of castles, cathedrals or historic edifices of any kind." He must have missed those portions of the isle not served by the quaint rail systems, or perhaps he was looking too closely at the equipment to enjoy many of the other offerings.

At Castletown, for example, one finds Castle Rushen, built in the fourteenth century, and perhaps one of the most interesting in the British Isles, both because of its remarkable state of preservation and because of its position as one of the chief seats of authority in the island, even to the present day. Used as the capitol and

(Continues on page 917)

McGovern's Economics

This pamphlet tells you where McGovern really stands on taxation, welfare reform, defense spending—and how his proposals would affect you!



This article is must reading for all conservatives (and any sensible **voters,** for that matter) during this vital presidential year. In "The Economics of George McGovern"—NR's block-busting expose now available in handsome pamphlet format—you will learn the full details of McGovern's incredible program which would:

- decimate defense spending
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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Pierre Deffontaines:
THE EARTH

We hear a great deal about the difficulties facing the future of the human race, but despite present demographic and political trends, there is some hope that technological discoveries may be applied for the benefit of mankind rather than for its destruction. (From *Larousse Encyclopedia of World Geography.*)

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 915)

principal prison until comparatively recently, it still is the site of the criminal courts of the island and the scene of "birchings" for minor crimes involving violence. At Peel, which *is* served by the railway, is St. Patrick's Isle, which holds within its boundaries a cathedral, a smaller church, an armory and a watchtower, all comprising what is known as Peel Castle. The site was sacked and burned by the Vikings in 798, and the present works date from about 1226. The Manx Gaelic name of the town and castle —Pil—means "a fortress," and the castle is said to be roamed by *Mauthe Dhoo*, the fabled specter hound described by the historian Walden. Another spot missed by Mr. Zimmermann was Rushen Abbey at Ballasalla, an ancient abbey dissolved in 1541, which holds the graves of early Viking and Christian rulers of the island.

These are just a few of the things "off the railroad tracks" that a visitor may see. There are also the casinos and cabarets for the jet set, and the "old tyme music hall" and ballroom dancing for the rest of us. And, oh yes, perhaps the most important spot of all—Fairy Bridge, where all Manx pause to doff their hats and greet the "little people," lest trouble befall them.

Arlington, Va. MRS. EDWARD F. SAYLE

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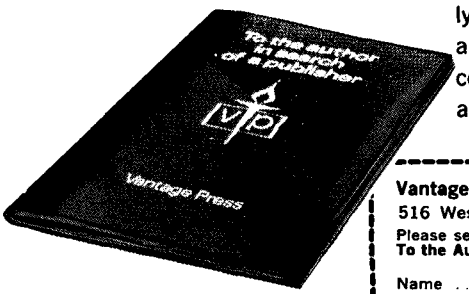

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Ellsberg in the Dock

On The Right

Los Angeles, July 28—Daniel Ellsberg is leading a very public life during his trial for divulging government secrets. It is to say the least unusual to give press conferences, and appear on television, while a jury weighs evidence of your alleged misdeeds. Of course, Los Angeles is a show town, and if Sirhan Sirhan had come in late for his trial one morning on the grounds that he had to tape the Merv Griffin show, the judge would probably have understood.

And then too, Dan Ellsberg's team knows what it's up to. The concern here is less for law—though they appear to be having quite a legal frolic—than for ideology. Like the Chicago Seven, the point they want to make is extralegal. Dan Ellsberg is concerned to publicize his case against the United States Government and the Vietnam war, and he assumes that the lawyers will take care of the matter of keeping him out of jail.

On the face of it, it looks to be a dangerous assignment. Daniel Ellsberg, defendant, has been indicted on fifteen counts for stealing and mishandling government property, improperly receiving and communicating documents relating to the national defense, and conspiring to defraud the United States by obstructing its control over classified documents. If he were found guilty on all counts, and if the judge were to give him the maximum sentence on all counts, he could be sent up for 115 years. This gaudy figure is primarily useful in letters designed to raise money for Ellsberg's trial. Nobody expects him to go to jail for 115 years. Not many people expect him to go to jail at all.

The government has not chosen to go after Ellsberg, at least not this time around, on the Big Count. That one is the section of the Espionage Act that forbids the disclosure of a government secret "with intent or reason to believe that it is to be used to the injury of the United States or the advantage of a foreign nation." Everyone knows that Daniel Ellsberg became an antiwar evangelist, and that he undertook to familiarize the American people with what he took to be regular deceptions practiced upon them by government officials, particularly those who surrounded Lyndon Johnson. But in early March of this year, speaking in New Haven, Connecticut, Ellsberg reminisced before an audience most specifically. He said that he remembered the exact moment when he decided to release the secret papers. It was after a Yale-Harvard football game in the fall of 1970, and the report reached him that President Nixon was determined to renew the bombing of Hanoi, and that he was even contemplating an invasion of North Vietnam.

Now if one agrees that an invasion of North Vietnam is a disadvantage to North Vietnam, and that Ellsberg intended, by releasing the Pentagon Papers, to diminish the chances of such an invasion, then it follows that Ellsberg's intent was that the information he released should be used to the advantage of a foreign nation. Sure, he also believed that it was to the advantage of the United States to desist from further military action in South Vietnam, even as Klaus Fuchs thought it to the ultimate advantage of Great Britain to give away our atomic secrets to the Soviet Union. But the people who designed the Espionage Act were not universalists in that sense. What they meant to discourage was the kind of thing Benedict Arnold did.

ELLSBERG ISN'T Benedict Arnold. He is rather one of the new breed of international moralists who discern a great abyss between themselves and the rest of the world. The rest of the world, as far as this breed is concerned, consists of moral cretins, "liars" (one of Ellsberg's favorite words). Ellsberg likes to introduce himself before college audiences by saying "I come before you as a war criminal." That sounds awfully humble. But students of rhetoric know the device as self-serving. What he means is: the gang in Washington are war criminals. I was a war criminal because I was one of them—until I saw the light. So that the point he is really stressing is not that he was once a war criminal—a part of his background that no one in the United States is at this point disposed to criticize—but that he no longer is one. The force of the remark is therefore to brand people like John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, McGeorge Bundy, Arthur Schlesinger, Robert McNamara, by dissociation with them, as war criminals. That charge, historically and morally preposterous, is an index of the moral egomania of Daniel Ellsberg concerning whom Murray Kempton, always an opponent of the war, wrote recently that he "always goes too far . . . too far then, in his moral allegiance to the war, too far now in his moral wrath against its authors."

Meanwhile the trial goes on, and there are those who wonder whether the government of war criminals has enough self-confidence actually to enforce its own regulations. □

SECRETARY FONDA

New York, August 2—No doubt about it, if George McGovern is elected President, he will name as his Secretary of State Miss Jane Fonda. She is already practicing for the role, and indeed it is widely conjectured that she hasn't been informed that she isn't yet the Secretary of State. If that is so, that is just one of the things she hasn't been informed about, a lack of information having plagued Miss Fonda much of her life.

You see, she turned rather earlier than most people to her career, leaving Vassar College prematurely and turning enthusiastically to ecdysiasm, and on into formal acting. A few years ago, when she hit young middle-age, she discovered social conscience, and has been playing it, using The Method approach, ever since. One commentator, after a Fonda performance, observed that "being socially involved may be the mating call of the 1970s. Like knowing how to dance the tango in the Thirties." Miss Fonda goes tirelessly about the college circuit and grunts out her views on international policies, which views are always at the expense of United States policy. She donates the proceeds of her lectures to an organization in Washington staffed by Mark Lane, the lawyer who a few years ago concluded, as I remember, that it was Allen Dulles who shot John Kennedy, not Lee Harvey Oswald.

Nor is there any danger, after the Vietnam war is over, that Miss Fonda will run out of causes. She has been greatly fired up about Women's Liberation, Indians, César Chavez, grapes, lettuce, the Dutch elm disease and poison ivy. "She may well be the only revolutionary with her own pr man," *Life* Magazine once commented, adding with chivalrous understatement that Miss Fonda's "command of

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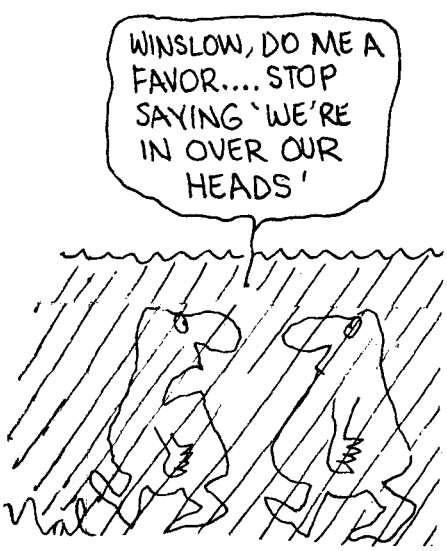
facts and complexities is unconvincing." But of course, ignorance is an instrument of oppression deployed by the bourgeois classes, and Miss Fonda, who last week termed Richard Nixon "a very serious traitor" will not surrender her vast investment in it. She is Miss Grim, walking about the world hectoring American institutions with what one writer has characterized as her "solemn, Red Guard face," never smiling, never laughing, never, obviously, looking into the mirror.

Her most recent report has been to the effect that American prisoners in Hanoi whom she interviewed desire to see the defeat of Richard Nixon and the election of George McGovern. Now to begin with, Miss Fonda is so easily deceived, we cannot know for certain whether she actually was in Hanoi. Maybe she was in Tokyo, and didn't know the difference. And maybe the "prisoners" she interviewed, dressed in those funny costumes, were actually McGovern delegates from Massachusetts, telling her what she wanted to hear. But assuming it was as represented, there is genuine pathos behind the uses the North Vietnamese have made of the poor dumb American actress. When Commander Bucher was in prison in North Korea, being tortured every day, he did in fact get a letter through to his wife. It was the summer of 1968, and he told her that if he were home, he would vote for Richard Nixon. He felt that Lyndon Johnson had let him down by not authorizing instant action to prevent the *Pueblo*'s capture.

But Commander Bucher, reviewing the matter in his book a year or two later, recognized what is, on reflection, obvious, namely that the prisoner of war quite naturally thinks exclusively of his own concern, which is to reach home. Those who do otherwise are martyrs and heroes, and they are not only uncommon these days, but unfashionable. The return of the American prisoners of war is a concern of the United States. But it cannot be the *only* concern of the United States. If it were, there would be no prisoners in the first instance. If peace were the only concern, there would be no bombs.



But we venture outside Miss Fonda's command of facts and complexities. She thinks like a calliope programed at the Lenin Institute. "Men like [Nixon and Agnew] are war criminals under every international law," is one of hers (she has been secretly studying every international law). "But," she adds magnanimously, after sentencing Agnew, "I would not like to see him executed." He should simply be put away, to devote himself, one supposes, to a lifetime study of the thoughts of Jane Fonda. □

FRENCH SUMMER *Nice, France*, July 4—There are things they don't tell you in the travel posters, which if you knew 'em, you might have stayed at home. Traveling in Europe in mid-summer is a mixed treat, but it is safe to assume that the fun begins after a) you have gotten off your Air France flight; and b) the nightmare of it has worn off. Say a week.

Ten years ago, approximately, President Charles de Gaulle made a tour of Latin America. He got himself a Boeing 707 and flew to Martinique. Then quickly, while no one was looking except, as it happened, AP, UPI and Reuters, he sneaked onto a Caravelle, which is the French jet. The idea was to take a jet that would get him safely across the Atlantic Ocean; and then to appear, in Latin America, in a French-made airplane, in a Buy French sort of mood, much as his successor, M. Pompidou, appeared grandly at the Azores last fall for his meeting with Mr. Nixon in a Concorde, the French-made supersonic jet. It is not at this moment known what will be the future of the French (and British) Concorde, which is said to have room in it for only 110 passengers. No doubt the economic problem will be solved by Air France doing to it what Air France is currently doing to the Caravelles. When President de Gaulle stepped into his, one assumes it was designed to permit him to stretch out his presidential legs. If he had attempted to do so in the Caravelle Air France now uses, he'd have been arrested for molesting the lady four seats in front of him.

I do not exaggerate. Gasping for air, I asked the stewardess how could I make the seat recline, and she answered that there was no way in which I could make the seat recline, because the seat does not recline. I tried insinuating my legs under the seat in front, only to run into a barrier designed by a French engineer who has profited from the mistakes of M. Maginot. No way. I was asked, did I want lunch? I replied I could not possibly let down the tray in front of me until after my amputation. I tried to smoke, but reaching the ashtray required moving your hand left, but stopping short of the lady's thigh, and that required precise calibration. Then down, under her tray, back again then, flying blind, straight ahead, heading toward the ashtray by dead reckoning. Nothing like Marlboro country. I tried to doze, but your chair tilts *forward*; not a chance.

The captain cruised back, and I raised a schoolboy's hand. Sir, I said, I have a suggestion. All smiles, he asked me what it was. Well, I said, why not instead of flying steadily at thirty thousand feet, with everybody uncomfortable all the time, why not dive down to sea level, then begin a gra-a-dual ascent back to thirty thousand feet. Then when you get there, dive on back to sea level, and begin again. That way, I explained, the passengers would be uncomfortable only during the dive down to sea level, which could be accomplished quickly if he would go down more or less vertically, like a dive bomber. But on the way up, the seats would tilt back comfortably, and you could be as comfortable as, say, on a bus! He promised nervously to relay the suggestion to Air France, but I am not sure that he took me seriously, even when I assured him that he was talking to *l'homme moyen gâté*.

ANOTHER THING. Although they know months ahead of time what gate your flight is likely to leave from, the people at the airport appear to enjoy the suspense of not giving you the information until fifteen minutes before departure time. So you are likely to dawdle, at a restaurant, or bar, or postcard counter, or wherever, until the sign twinkles. Then you find that between you and the emigration authorities lies about one hour's worth of people. So that you have to make a terrible fuss, which is awfully unpleasant, and doesn't always work. At Athens, there were five passport officials for about five hundred passengers, and people were missing their flights right and left, never mind that they had arrived in plenty of time at the airport. That's the bad news. The good news is that they might have succeeded in missing a flight on one of Air France's Sardine Specials.

On the other hand, the people are very nice. The captain, the stewards, the stewardesses, the ticket agents. There is no word in French for *empathy*, but that, clearly, is what they feel for the poor people who get involved in their national, nationalized, air line. The overwhelming justification for the extravagance of the Concorde is that it will cut travel time on Air France in half. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Expressed a favorable opinion of
108 125 38 18 62 121 49 28

B. What the bureaucracy gives one
120 131 157 169 83 39 113 51 87

C. Where the brethren met Paul as he journeyed toward Rome
128 59 15 31 24 172 122 218 139 168
37 10

D. Diet highly prized by some people
173 137 7 126 145 171 187 199 222 41
57 70

E. Street in Berlin; not named for LBJ
20 110 29 43 46 54 60 100 132 143
153 166 174 210

F. To supply what is lacking
75 88 97 69 84 123 129 19 191

G. An American grasshopper
48 133 148 179 6 102 189

H. Unscramble YARD BEER
220 136 77 32 92 105 155 175

I. Sister of Roman Emperor Augustus
2 42 45 71 13 50 85

J. A hard, lustrous resin
91 33 22 188 178

K. A type of sailing vessel
204 180 94 64 196

L. A type of physician
111 25 35 65 55 112 208 79 214

M. Period between evening and morning
138 95 216 80 86 106 56 150 167

N. A cause of death and taxes
212 36 114 176 96 130 164

O. Coins—or parts of coins?
30 93 4 61 78 12 40 104 9 23
34

P. These are not the only ones who can vote
146 161 219 1 190

Q. The effect of excessive exposure to extreme cold
66 134 3 26 124 160 116 154 81

R. Having two sides equal
99 44 182 73 117 27 135 205 142

S. What many men are engaged in to promote the general welfare
165 8 21 202 90 147 159 181 198 194
217 16

T. Incorrectness
177 89 103 127 149 158 193 203 215 225
186

U. A youth (not a politician) who fell in love with his own image
183 140 98 163 5 118 200 67 211

V. A hustler
195 184 11 74 213 201 119 63

W. The pants of a two-piece snowsuit
115 14 58 82 47 221 207 141

X. Isaac's half-brother
152 52 107 185 206 223 68

Y. An American temperance leader; she was an activist
170 151 76 162 17 224

Z. Afflicted with I-trouble
192 144 53 109 156 72 197 209 101

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 916 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 P	2 I	3 Q	4 O	5 U	6 G	7 D	8 S		9 O	10 C		11 V	12 O	13 I	14 W	15 C	16 S	17 Y
18 A		19 F	20 E	21 S	22 J	23 O	24 C	25 L	26 Q	27 R	28 A		29 E	30 O	31 C		32 H	33 J
34 O	35 L	36 N	37 C		38 A	39 B	40 O	41 D	42 I	43 E		44 R	45 I	46 E	47 W	48 G	49 A	
50 I	51 B		52 X	53 Z		54 E	55 L	56 M	57 D	58 W		59 C	60 E		61 O	62 A	63 V	64 K
65 L	66 Q	67 U	68 X	69 F	70 D		71 I	72 Z	73 R	74 V	75 F	76 Y	77 H	78 O		79 L	80 M	81 Q
	82 W	83 B	84 F	85 I	86 M		87 B	88 F	89 T	90 S	91 J	92 H	93 O	94 K	95 M	96 N		97 F
98 U	99 R	100E	101Z	102G	103T	1040	105H		106M	107X	108A	109Z		110E	111L		112L	113B
114N	115W	116Q	117R		118U	119V	120B	121A	122C	123F	124Q		125A	126D	127T	128C	129F	130N
131B	132E	133G	134Q	135R	136H		137D	138M	139C		140U	141W	142R	143E	144Z	145D	146P	147S
	148G	149T		150M	151Y	152X	153E	154Q	155H	156Z	157B		158T	159S	160Q	161P	162Y	163U
	164N	165S	166E	167M	168C		169B	170Y	171D		172C	173D	174E		175H	176N	177T	178J
179G		180K	181S	182R	183U	184V	185X	186T		187D	188J	189G		190P	191F	192Z		193T
194S	195V	196K	197Z		198S	199D		200U	201V	202S	203T	204K	205R		206X	207W	208L	209Z
210E	211U	212N		213V	214L	215T		216M	217S	218C	219P	220H	221W	222D	223X	224Y	225T	

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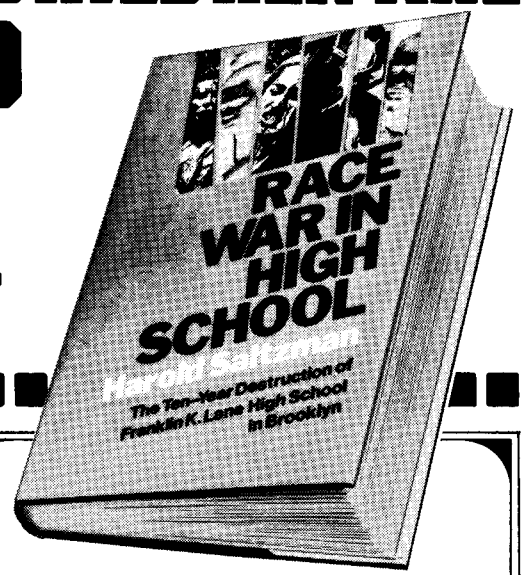
EVERY DAY INNOCENT CHILDREN ARE COMING HOME ROBBED AND BLEEDING—WHILE

Most Leaders, National and Local, Wash Their Hands, Pilate Style.



CRASH! The broken window splatters the first-floor classroom. Boldly yet cautiously, the teacher steps outside, there to confront two black students. A third sidles up behind the teacher. "Who broke my window?" Silence. One boy raises a water pistol and sprays the teacher. From behind, a crunching blow to the spine floors him. Then all three pounce and beat him with their fists. The coup de grace? A boot heel to the groin.

Except for the finale. One boy lights a match. Soon the teacher is blazing. The pistol had contained not water, but flammable liquid.

Mayor Lindsay expressed his regrets.

United Federation of Teachers President Albert Shanker dispatched flowers.

John Doar, school board president, sent condolences, special delivery.

An unusual event? Alas, no more. At one time Franklin K. Lane was a showcase high school, noted for its academic standing as well as for the caliber of its student body. The kind of school you could send your children to without worry — with pride. Today, Franklin K. Lane is a shambles.

Race War in High School is the story of how in just a few years this integrated school disintegrated, riot by riot, rape by rape, political deal by political deal.

No bedtime reading here. Grim reality stalks every page. "The events are described as they happened. Names were not changed to protect the innocent — or the guilty," writes Harold Saltzman, social studies teacher at Lane for ten years.

In 1962 the social planners made Lane a safety valve for overcrowded mostly-black schools in central Brooklyn. Lane had been integrated before integration became a public issue. In fact, from its beginning Lane had displayed all the proper Liberal attitudes. But now came youngsters with police records, learning problems, drug habits, emotional difficulties. Soon Lane became transformed — into a nightmare. Today it is nearly segregated. A few whites attend — those who can't afford a private school.

Mr. Saltzman fearlessly assigns the blame. We watch as . . .

- John Lindsay plays politics with Lane to win the '69 mayoralty
- school chancellor Harvey Scribner turns a deaf ear to Lane's racial agony
- Black Monday is still remembered — with horror
- one high school effectively avoids becoming another Lane
- black militants riot while the principal fiddles, sweating out tenure
- a young white girl is assaulted — for the color of her skin
- Liberal school officials apply double standards: let the black students "do their own thing"
- Mayor Lindsay fosters black anti-Semitism
- Albert Shanker, defender of his teachers — sometimes

Race War in High School is an eloquent response to the Kennedys, McGoverns and Lindsays, who sing daily paeans to the virtues of busing. Who even cry bigotry when anyone disagrees. But who mostly tuck their own youngsters safely away in lilywhite private schools.

For the less fortunate, this book is the grim story of what is now happening in every urban and suburban area of America — or could soon happen. "Change the city and the names," warns Harold Saltzman, "and *Race War in High School* could be a case study of a conflict that has occurred and will reoccur in hundreds of schools where the issues of race and education collide." And, he could have added, where concerned — but cowed — parents and educators are allowing politicians and social engineers to play the racial numbers game at the expense of helpless children.

Harold Saltzman, a good teacher and a brave man, shows us where it all leads.

THE AGONY OF OUR HIGH SCHOOLS

America's secondary schools are in crisis. Race-related problems are by no means the only problems. But they **are** problems — so painful that hardly any national spokesman has dared to confront them. Now a gutsy teacher does. The names are Brooklyn names, but the problems are the same in every state across the nation:

- Young black militants — frustrated students, or dedicated stormtroopers?
- Why the neighborhood school is better for both blacks and whites.
- Black militant terror: so awesome it cows decent blacks into silence.
- Mayor Lindsay's flip-flop — just before the '69 mayoralty election.
- How professional leftists exploit high school turbulence.
- Are integrated schools really needed to upgrade education?
- Militants shut down one school — and get away with it, of course.
- UFT President Albert Shanker saves John Lindsay's political future — at the expense of Franklin K. Lane High School.
- A narcotics official's astonishing admission about the drug addiction at Lane.
- The role played by young female militants.
- A junior high principal bucks Albert Shanker — and pays.
- Ranking Liberal educator Kenneth Clark: his shocking solution to the Lane riots.
- A dean's family is threatened — and the bureaucrats yawn.
- How zoning policies often create not integration but reverse segregation.
- Liberal solutions to school problems: formulas for chaos. Liberal antidote to school chaos: more Liberalism.
- Uncompromising demands of black militants. Why they won't budge.
- Integrated Lane's "turf" areas — where whites are forbidden, and wouldn't dare to go anyway.
- Albert Shanker — friend or manipulator of teachers?
- The ugliness that always follows when administrators knuckle under to militant demands.
- Busing and crime: there **is** a connection.
- Black militant atrocities — while school officials look the other way.
- Assistant dean reports black student's threats — but the dean gets disciplined.
- What parents and communities can still do to keep our schools from becoming zoos.

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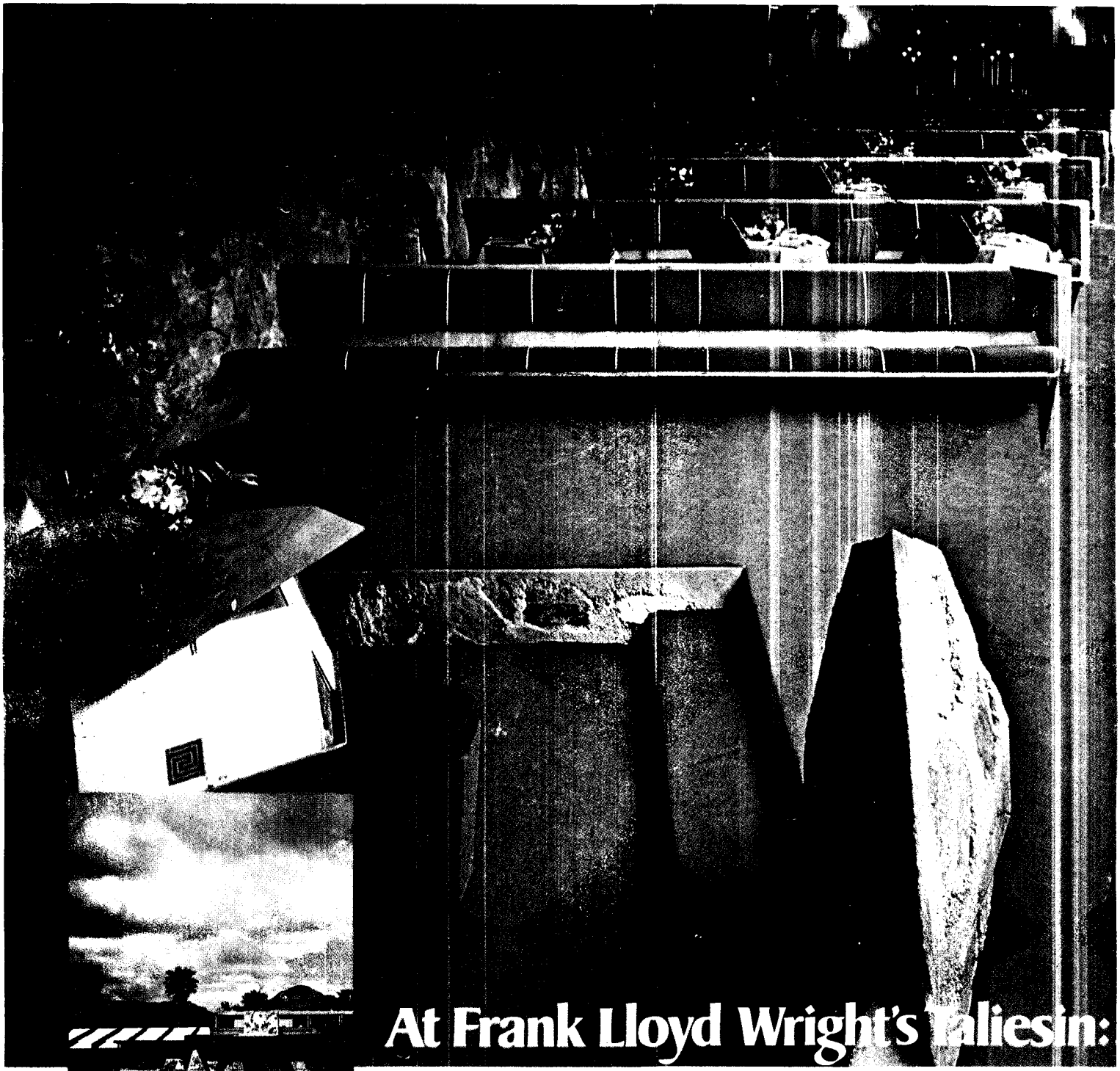

At Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin:

a totally new concept in contract carpet by Milliken

In keeping with their interest in innovative materials, architects at the world-famous Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation selected MILSTAR, Milliken's totally new concept in commercial carpeting, to decorate the cinema-cabaret and dining room at their Arizona headquarters, Taliesin West.

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